YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

G-MEN CRACK SPY PLOT

See Page 3

A BOMB'S EYE VIEW OF *a Yank ready and waiting to let fly with a parcel of well-chosen, high-powered packages for the Axis brotherhood.*

EXCLUSIVE! ACTUAL PHOTOS BERLIN BOMBING AND CAMOUFLAGE

Story on Pages 6 & 7

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Army Runs World's Biggest Airline

Cargo Planes Circle Globe

The biggest airline in history began operating over the entire globe last week under the U. S. Army Air Transport Command.

Established just over a year ago as the Army Air Forces Ferrying Command to fly planes from factories to delivery points, it has expanded to include freight and troop transport and spur-of-the-moment Army utility missions to any point in the world. In the near future, according to its officers, it should be "10 times as large as the combined airlines of any nation in the world."

Will Carry Tanks

Weapons, supplies and men—including enlisted men as well as generals—are being flown to remote points on a scale which would have warmed the hearts of commercial airline men in peacetime. Soon super cargo planes, once termed fantastic even by aviation experts, will fly small tanks, jeeps, machines, engines, plane assemblies and other heavy loads to their destinations, all safe from the torpedoes of enemy U-boats and shells from enemy warships.

Ferrying planes to the front is still a major part of the job. This year thousands of fighting planes, from tiny pursuit ships to flying fortresses, will be flown to combat areas by A.A.T. men, who will immediately turn back for more.

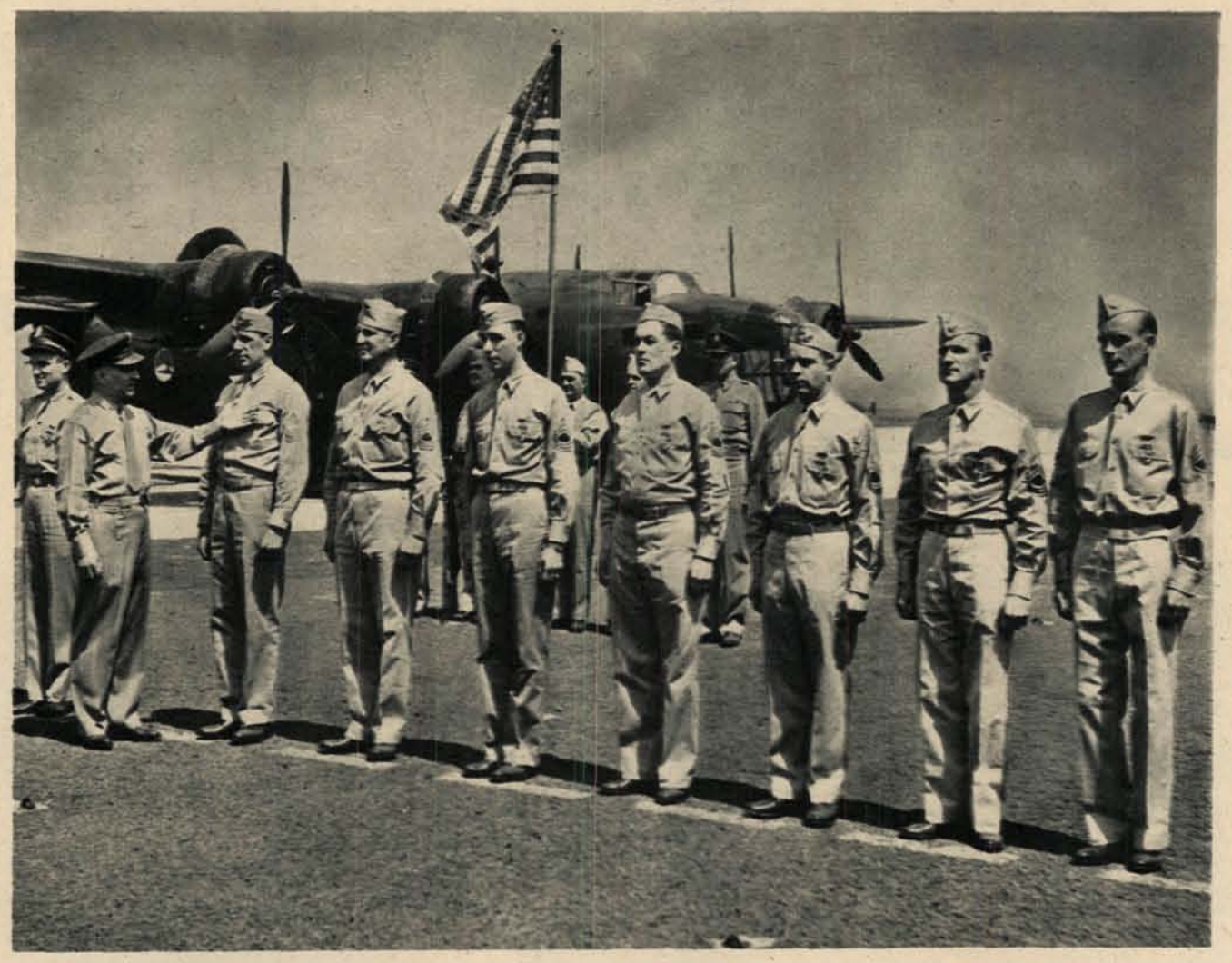
They See the World

Some of its men, in their early 20's, have circled the globe in a few brief months. International airways are as familiar to them as your home town streets to you. Take the case of Bill Vickers.

Vickers, a captain from Beaumont, Tex., was off to North Africa on a short haul. Two and a half months later he turned up in the U. S. after giving a quick lift to William C. Bullitt, U. S. envoy in the Middle East, doing a little Army business in Java, dropping a planeload of technical experts in India, and flying a bomber to Australia.

A.A.T. men never know where their next order will take them. A nap in Capetown may be prelude to a dash with rifles to Iraq, a trip to London to pick up a general, a hop to Delhi with medical equipment for front-line hospitals in the Far East.

One captain's standing complaint is that he'll never assemble his laundry. It's scattered now in washtubs of 20 different countries.



'ROUND THE WORLD FLIERS. *Enlisted men in Air Transport Command, who fly men and materials to such distant points as Alaska, Australia, Africa and Iceland, are shown receiving Distinguished Flying Crosses. Left to right, they are M/Sgts. Adolph Cattarius (now captain), Joseph G. Moran (now captain), James E. Sands, Horace T. Peck (now second lieutenant) and J. H. Walsh; Tech. Sgt. James M. Cooper and S/Sgt. Richard J. Barrett Jr. Brig. Gen. Harold L. George, in command of the service, makes the awards.*

Yank Was First Over Cologne

DETROIT.—A Yank was probably the first man over Cologne in the devastating raid of May 30. Sgt. Robert Marks was front gunner in his squadron leader's ship, and he believes his squadron was first "on target."

Marks, a member of the Canadian Air Force attached to the RAF, told his story in a letter to his mother. As an after-thought he added, "I haven't had any decent cigarettes for weeks."

Cards Inform Families Of Troops' Safe Arrival

WASHINGTON. — The safe arrival of U. S. soldiers at overseas ports will be reported to their families and friends henceforth by means of "arrival cards" which the soldiers fill out before embarking and which the War Department mails immediately on learning they have reached their destination.

Each soldier may have three cards, one to be mailed to his family or whatever person is to be notified in emergencies and the other two to any friends he chooses. Information on the cards includes APO mailing and cable addresses.

Private Treks 150 Miles In Burma to Delay Japs

INDIA. — Hiking 150 miles through jungles with a machine gun and living on rice and wild berries plus meager Army rations was a "breeze" to Pvt. Laurence O. Short assigned to an emergency demolition crew covering a retreat in Burma.

Short was serving with the forces of Lt. Gen. Joseph Stilwell and acted as a member of the general's staff which knifed into Burma 150 miles to blow up bridges and roads and delay advancing Japs. The party started in trucks, jeeps and sedans but rough country soon forced them to walk.

Short, 22-year-old native of Meridan, Okla., was commended by Gen. Stilwell for his conduct.

Flying Sergeant Falls 4½ Miles, and Lives

MELBOURNE—Sgt. Fraser Faulkner, an Australian flier, had something to write home about.

In a letter to his family from a German prison camp at Bremen, Sgt. Faulkner told how he had fallen 24,000 feet, unconscious, after he bailed out of his fighter plane over Northern France.

Recovering consciousness after falling 4½ miles, he pulled the ripcord of his 'chute and landed safely, only to be captured.

Yanks in Canadian Army Switch to U. S. Forces

WASHINGTON—American soldiers in the Canadian Army who want to join the United States forces have all been repatriated by a special commission from Washington which visited 33 cities in Canada.

Most of the transfers were from the Royal Canadian Air Force. whose American members returned to the United States service without loss of rank. Not all Americans in the Canadian forces asked for transfer and those who switched to American service did so entirely on a voluntary basis.

3,000,000 Youths, 18-20, Register

WASHINGTON.—More than 3,000,000 young men between the ages of 18 and 20 years registered throughout the U. S. for possible armed service in the fifth draft call June 30.

The lottery for determining their order of call has been eliminated this time, and they will be classified according to age, the oldest facing earliest induction.

Men aged 18 and 19 will not be called immediately, but Selective Service officials indicated that it may be necessary to induct them later. On the basis of past experience, officials expected many of the 18- and 19-year-olds to volunteer for immediate service.

Most of the new crop had definite ideas about the branch in which they wanted to serve. Usually it was where some older brother, friend or relative already was on duty.

The registration brought to 43,000,000 the number of men available in the country's pool of manpower.

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F.B.I. Breaks Up Nazi Spy Plot

The F.B.I. has just smashed a Nazi plot to cripple war production and spread terror all through America.

German submarines landed eight expert saboteurs on United States shores—four of them on Long Island, less than 100 miles from New York, and four on the beach near Jacksonville, Florida. They brought high explosives and $150,000 in cash to bribe and buy death and destruction.

Then they scattered inland, planning to wreck the precious aluminum factories in Tennessee and Illinois, destroy the hydro-electric power plant at Niagara Falls and terrorize the people by ruining the New York City water supply and blowing up Hell Gate Bridge.

But they didn't get far. The F.B.I. was on their trail a few hours after they landed and now the whole gang is behind bars, awaiting a possible death penalty.

They were honor students from Hitler's School of Sabotage in Berlin, educated in the latest clever methods of destruction, and especially hand-picked for work in the United States.

All of them had lived in this country for years as machinists or factory hands in the Middle West or servants or waiters in New York restaurants. Two of them—Ernest Burger and 22-year-old Herbert Haupt of Chicago—were American citizens, Americans in every way except birth—and heart.

Burger was dropped by a U-Boat off the Long Island coast on the night of June 13 with George Dasch, Robert Quirin and Heinrich Heinck. They landed in a rubber boat on fashionable Amagansett Beach, hid their T.N.T. and other explosives in the sand and struck out for New York. One of them, changing into civilian clothes, dropped a German Marine cap that coast guards found later.

Four nights later, June 17, four more saboteurs came ashore near Jacksonville, Florida, also in a rubber boat from a submarine.

They, too, buried their explosives, split up the huge sum of American money they had brought along to help accomplish their mission. This Florida group was led by Edward Kerling, who used to be a butler in Greenwich, Conn., and it included Werner Theil, Herman Neubauer and the young and shaky Haupt.

Kerling took his men North to meet the Long Island crowd and draw up plans. But something went wrong. The F.B.I. closed in and arrested four of them in New York three days later. Then two more were picked up there on June 22 and, finally, the last pair, Neubauer and Haupt, in Chicago on the 23rd.

And so Hitler's plot to wreck American industry and terrorize its people was nipped in the bud.

Here Is What Nazis Planned To Destroy

1. Aluminum plants at Alcoa, Tenn., East St. Louis, Ill., and Massena, N. Y.
2. Hydro-electric power plant at Niagara Falls.
3. Penn Railroad terminal at Newark, N. J., and lines near "Horse Shoe Curve," Altoona, Pa.
4. Ohio River canals and locks, between St. Louis and Cincinnati.
5. New York City water supply in Westchester County.
6. Hell Gate Bridge.

ERNEST BURGER, 36, Nazi spy who landed on Long Island, worked in Milwaukee.

ROBERT QUIRIN, 34, another one of the Long Island mob, was a mechanic in Syracuse.

EDWARD KERLING, 33, leader of the Florida landing party was once a butler here.

GEORGE DASCH, 39, leader of the Long Island group, was a waiter in New York.

HEINRICH HEINCK, 35, was also a New York waiter before going back to Hitler.

WERNER THEIL, 35, who was a Detroit tool maker until he turned Nazi saboteur.

NAZI SABOTAGE WEAPONS—These are the contents of one of the boxes buried in the sand of Jacksonville, Florida, by Nazi saboteurs after they landed there—T.N.T., fuses and bombs disguised as coal.

NAZI TNT CACHE—Navy and Coast Guard officers examine spot where Germans hid T.N.T. on Long Island.

Germans Face Death Penalty

WASHINGTON.—While Attorney General Biddle conferred with the Army about the punishment that should be dealt out to eight captured Nazi saboteurs, J. Edgar Hoover and the F.B.I. disclosed no details of the hunt that led to their dramatic arrest.

One story said that four Germans who landed on Amagansett Beach, Long Island, were surprised by a patroling Coast Guardsman. Instead of killing him, the Nazis gave him $270 to keep on walking his post and forget what he had seen.

But instead of keeping quiet, the Coast Guardsman turned over the money to his superior officer and the F.B.I. went on the job immediately.

F.B.I. Keeps Mum

The Federal Investigation office, however, is saying nothing about the capture. Evidently, the saboteurs were shadowed for some time before they were grabbed. That led the F.B.I. to their accomplices and the bureau will probably stay mum until all those aides are mopped up.

One of Hoover's assistants hinted that the saboteurs spent most of their free time eating. But they were too smart, he said, to go to the New York German restaurants in the Yorkville district.

"Broadway is a good street with a lot of good restaurants," he remarked significantly.

Trip Planned Well

The Nazi agents planned their visit to the United States with meticulous care. They even carried forged draft registrations and social security cards.

The sabotage equipment landed from submarines was of the latest design and finest manufacture, Hoover said. The Nazis were intensively trained in the use of explosives, acids and fuses.

Hoover described them as "tough-looking" Germans of "good physique." They told the F.B.I. that after their sabotage training in Berlin, they had been sent to the French coast and put on the submarines late in May.

Plan Destruction

First, they intended to cripple American plane manufacturing by smashing the aluminum factories at Alcoa, Tenn., East St. Louis and Massena, N. Y. Then they were going to wreck the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Ohio River Canals, the New York water supply, Niagara Falls electric power plant and Hell Gate Bridge.

The Nazis also planned to put bombs in department stores and railroad stations to create panic in the big cities.

Many people in America demanded their immediate death by a firing squad but the President and the Attorney General are conferring with the War Department on what steps should be taken.

It is expected they will be tried by a military tribunal under the 82nd Article of War which is punishable by death. Burger and Haupt, as American citizens, could be charged with treason and the others held as spies. But the punishment in both cases is the same—the firing squad.

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Churchill Gets Eyeful of Yank Fighting

'raises Troops After Review

FORT JACKSON, S. C.—Win-on Churchill spent 10 days dis-ıssing a second front with Presi-ent Roosevelt—but he didn't get l his knowledge of America's new ilitary power from a conference ble in Washington.

The British Prime Minister ıeaked away from the White ouse and came down here to Fort ıckson and saw it with his own ves.

Churchill had quite a time with ıe G.I.'s at this Southern training ımp. He did everything but pull .P.

ears Shells Whine

For an hour he sat in an impro-ised and reinforced trench with ıe familiar cigar clenched between is teeth while 105 and 155-mm. ıells screamed over his head and ıachine-gun bullets rattled around ım.

He saw 500 of Brig. Gen. Bill ee's parachute troopers float down om the heavens in a surprise at-ıck, that made his eyes twinkle.

"The most remarkable parachute isplay I've ever seen," he said.

Then he watched tank maneuvers nd donned a walkie-talkie port-ble two-way radio and observed review of massed calesthenics. inally, he had to take the cigar ıt of his mouth and whistle.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "What ıen! What soldiers!"

ked Troops' Faces

Stephen Early, the Presidential ecretary, said that Churchill re-ırned to the White House "with ıe enthusiasm of a boy."

"He told the President that the oops were thrilling and inspir-ıg," Early reported. "He com-ıented on various features and ıen said that, above all, the faces f the men gave him the greatest nd everlasting memory of the ay."

HE LIKED WHAT HE SAW. *Prime Minister Churchill showed "boyish enthusiasm" about U. S. troops after seeing 1st Army Corps demonstration at Fort Jackson, S. C. Here he is shown inspecting fully equipped paratroops who later took to air to show him what they could do.*

1st Marine AEF in South Pacific

Equipped with high-speed, 40-man Higgins landing boats, sea-going tanks and tank lighters, the first big contingent of U. S. Marines shipped abroad in this war has made port in a strategic South Pacific location.

Through dark tropical nights as they traveled in convoy, the Marines had available to them band music, jam sessions, soda fountains serving soft drinks and ice cream, and a variety of reading material ranging from Shakespeare to pulp thrillers. Sleeping, however, was the favorite pastime, and the Higgins boats proved to be excellent places to do it.

All types of arms employed by Marine Corps forces were shipped with the troops. The flat-bottomed Higgins boats, capable of 60 miles per hour, transport 40 men each, with full armament to storm a beach and establish shore positions.

Other offensive devices "probably" included a number of "alligators", amphibian tanks, and "crocodiles", tank-bearing lighters.

1 P.M. in Army Now 13 O'Clock

There is no longer any 1 P.M. in the U. S. Army—it's 13 o'clock.

The 24-hour clock system went into effect July 1 at 4 A.M. Greenwich Civil Time for all official Army messages, dispatches, orders and reports.

This means that you don't stop counting at 12:00 noon. You carry the hours out to 24, making 1 P.M. 13 o'clock, 2 P.M. 14 o'clock and so on to midnight, which is 24 o'clock.

A four-digit system will be used to indicate the time by hours and minutes. The hour will be indicated by the first two digits, the minutes after the hour by the last two digits. Thus half past one (P.M.) will be written 1330, twelve noon will be 1200, 6:25 A.M. will be 0625.

The date may be included with the hour in either of two ways. Two extra digits may indicate the day of the month. The sixth day of the month at 12:30 P.M. may be written as 061230. If you wish to mention the name of the month for extra clarity, write it 1230, July 6, 1942.

All messages from and to the War Department, Navy Department, and armed forces of allied nations will have Greenwich Civil Time mentioned in their headings. Greenwich Time will be used in the headings of messages between posts not having a common time. In these headings Greenwich Time will be followed by the letter Z. For example, 150630Z means 6:30 A.M. on the 15th day of the month, Greenwich Civil Time.

Test: what time and on what day will you report for drill if the top-kick tells you to be at the upper drill field at "190225Z sharp!" Answer: at 2:25 in the morning on the 19th, of course—Greenwich Time.

Let's Dish It Out

CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.—Patrick J. Hurley, former U. S. Secretary of War and present Minister to New Zealand says "we should quit boasting" and face realities.

Maybe This Is Old Now; Churchill Took It Over

WASHINGTON—If you've heard this one before, stop me, brother. It's already gone half-way around the world, because President Roosevelt passed it along to Prime Minister Churchill just before Churchill left the capital for home. The story's this:

A sailor stepped into an acution shop and bid $15 for a parrot and cage. "Twenty," said another bidder. "Thirty-five said the sailor, determined to shut off opposition. "Forty," said the other bidder. "Forty-five," said the sailor. No more bids were heard, and the sailor passed over the money and took his purchase.

"It's a helluva price to pay for a parrot," the sailor remarked. "Are you sure he can talk?"

"Talk!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Why, man, he was bidding against you."

Girl Pilot Faints, Flies Plane Hour Out Cold—And Still Lives

ANN ARBOR, Mich. — If Joan Tesch's plane hadn't been well trained she might not be alive today. Not every girl can faint at the controls, be out cold for an hour, and live to tell about it. Joan is alive, though, suffering from nothing more than shock.

Joan, 19, works at the Willow Run bomber plant, and in her spare time she is an aviation student and a member of the Civil Air Patrol. When she finishes her shift at the plant she likes to run out to Ann Arbor's Municipal Airport and get in an hour or so in the air.

Recently she was flying above the airport in the evening hours and fainted at the controls. Her hand froze on the stick, and the plane continued in easy circles.

The time passed when she was to come down. Her instructor, Robert Young, cast an uneasy eye aloft and decided that something was wrong. He climbed into a plane and went up to see what was the matter.

Young saw Joan slumped against the side of her cabin. On the field below preparations were made for a crash landing. Fire-fighting equipment was brought out, as was an ambulance.

As twilight darkened into night Joan revived. She tried to land, and failed in two attempts. On her third try her motor conked—out of gas.

With a dead stick, Joan managed to put her plane down on a field near the airport, bringing it to a stop against a fence.

She climbed out of the plane, and fainted again.

PRISONER OF JAPS. *Kay Walter, bride of Henry (Buddy) Walter, a marine sergeant, is a prisoner of Japanese after her capture in Manila. Her husband was reported missing after Corregidor.*

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SERGEANT DESCRIBES RAID ON JAPAN

Aircraft Plant at Kobe Bombed With 20-Cent Homemade Sight

(Sgt. Edward J. Saylor is only 23, but he has seen what few men alive have seen. He's looked down on Japan at war, and when he finished looking there was a little less of Japan down there to make war. Saylor was one of General Doolittle's men on *that* raid, and we don't have to tell you what raid.

(About Sgt. Saylor, he's a native of Brussett, Montana. He calls it just a little "cross-roads postoffice", but after a few more raids on Japan like the one he went on, he may be able to describe Tokyo in the same manner.

(Saylor finished high school at Jordan, Montana, in 1937 and spent the next two years working in western states as a logger, farm hand and cow puncher. He enlisted in the air corps in 1939. Eglin Field, Florida, was his last American base before he was engaged in active duty over Japan.)

By Sgt. Edward J. Saylor
Engineer-Gunner,
U. S. Army Air Force

OVER KOBE, JAPAN (Delayed) —Hirohito, the Yanks are coming pal!

They're coming with a rush and a roar and some hell to be splattered over this little island empire.

I can hardly wait, bub. We're over Japan now.

It's 1:40 p.m., and a clear day. Below me the country is rugged, but through the valleys the land is streaked with green, with trees and terraces.

Maybe I got a little bit of a catch in my throat, but I don't notice it much. We're just fifteen minutes away from our target, and we're sailing along at four thousand feet. We're flying B-25's, and they're very new and fast.

The skies are empty and clear. We've left the other planes in our squadron, and here we are all alone sitting over several million Japs.

Yes, I have got a catch in my throat, because thinking of all those Japs down there somehow makes me think of Bataan peninsula, and to think of Bataan peninsula makes me sore.

That gives you a strange feeling to be sore when the ground below looks so peaceful and when you see the farmland down below and it looks so damned impersonal.

I used to live out west, and I've never been to Japan before, thank God, but I've heard stories about how they plant stuff on these terraced hillsides in the Far East, and I keep wondering how they work it, having been a farmer once myself.

I am also keeping a sharp watch out for cherry trees. I have been meaning to go to Washington for years to see them, but I have never seen them and I understand they are out of fashion right now.

These are just random thoughts, and all these thoughts probably come and go in a fraction of a second, because I am looking for enemy planes eight to the dozen every second, and there are no more enemy planes than there are cherry trees.

The skies are empty.

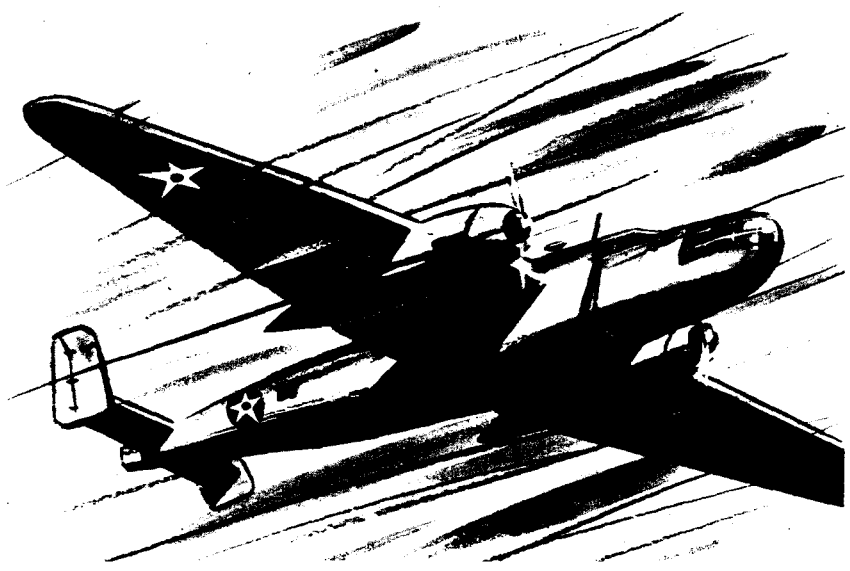
I have been sitting here just feeling the throb and roar of the big B-25. They're beautiful ships, wonderful ships. I think of the other boys off over Tokyo and Yokohama, Osaka and Nagoya now. We're headed for Kobe, to hit the big wharves there, and then over to an aircraft factory where they make Yakashimas. I promise I will get a few of those babies which I understand are being used to strafe our troops. After I pour some lead into those babies, those planes will look like St. Valentine's Day in Chicago has come to the aircraft industry of Japan.

The skies are still empty and vacant, and very clear. It's 1:43 now, and we're all at battle stations.

Our pilot is Lt. Donald G. Smith of San Antonio, Texas, and he knows his business. He can throw this little old ship around like I once saw a guy throw an old Jenny around at a fair back in Montana, and he could do more things with that Jenny than a monkey can do with a coconut. Smith is sure good, all right. When we started coming into Japan, he skimmed the waves so close I could almost taste the salt water from the spray in my mouth, no kidding.

Our navigator-bomber is a guy named Lieut. Howard A. Sessler. He's from Boston, and he's ready to go to work with his bombsight.

Hirohito, you better watch out for guys named Sessler and guys from Boston.

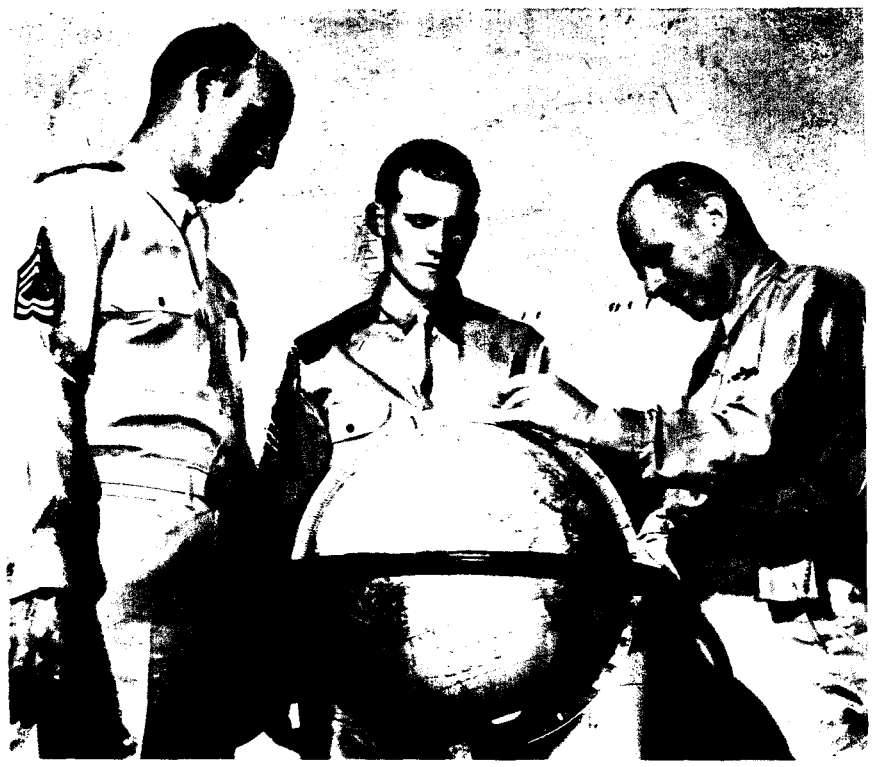


Now this will give you birds a laugh. Here we are sitting up over Japan in a few hundred-thousand-bucks-worth of airplanes, and what kind of bombsight you think we got?

The damned thing cost twenty cents, no kidding. Doolittle—*General* Doolittle—he was afraid that in case any one of us got shot down, we didn't want the Japs to get hold of those Norden bombsights. So we rigged up a sight that cost twenty cents.

But, brother, that sight is going to cost Emperor Hirohito and what they call the Elder Statesmen several million bucks' worth of stuff in a few minutes.

Few minutes! Right now, I mean. We just sighted the outskirts of Kobe. The skies are still vacant, and that scares you a little. 1:52 and we're over the edge of the city.



THEY WERE OVER TOKYO. *Two men from the ranks who flew with General Doolittle on his bombing raid of Tokyo are shown tracing their flight with the General. On the left is M/Sgt. Elred Scott, 34, of Phoenix, Ariz. (promoted since picture was taken) and Sgt. David Thatcher 20, of Billings, Mont. Each was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross*

We're coming in at 2,000 feet. Lieut. Sessler is talking over the interphone in his Boston accent which always gives me a hell of a boot, it sounds so English:

"That's our baby," the looie is saying. "I see the target."

We roar across the city, raising such an almighty racket the noise kind of bounces back, it seems like, and the Japs down there are running back and forth in the streets like so many ants in an ant hill. Buses are running back and forth, but the Japs don't seem to catch on to the fact that the Stars-and-Stripes Forever are right up there over their heads, equipped with plenty of horsepower and plenty of bombs and that darned old 20-cent bomb sight.

There's our target.

She's an aircraft factory, a mess of buildings down there, scattered over a block or better. There are the docks.

All we got to do now is let go Hirohito, the Yanks are coming sprinkling it along the course.

"Let 'er go, Sess," Smith yells to the bombardier.

I felt her go when she went. The bombs, I mean. Sweet as you please that B-25 takes a sudden uplift, a little bit of a lurch, and the minute I feel it I know:

Hirohito, the Yanks have arrived.

I can't see where the bombs land, but I know that we're square on the target with the whole works. We're rolling along at 240 m.p.h., now and that ain't any cadence-count either. We're well away from that factory before the hell starts breaking loose and the fires start.

The Japs are waking up, though. They start a mild epidemic—that's what the lieutenant called it—a mild epidemic of anti-aircraft fire.

The stuff comes up like powder-puffs, but we're high-tailing it away from the barrage. The Japs can't estimate our speed, and they never catch up with us. We don't give them a chance, either. We drop right down almost to water level and haul out of there in a hurry, and there I get salt spray; it seems like, in my mouth again.

I wish I could have stuck around to see the look on Hirohito's face when they brought him the messages that night.

D.F.C. for All in Raiding Crews

WASHINGTON. — While Brigadier General Jimmy Doolittle watched with a proud grin, the 20 officers and three enlisted men who helped him bomb Tokyo and other Japanese cities on April 18 received their share of honor here at Bolling Field.

They lined up at attention before a row of bombing planes and Lt. General Hap Arnold, chief of the Air Corps, pinned the Distinguished Flying Cross on each one of their khaki tunics.

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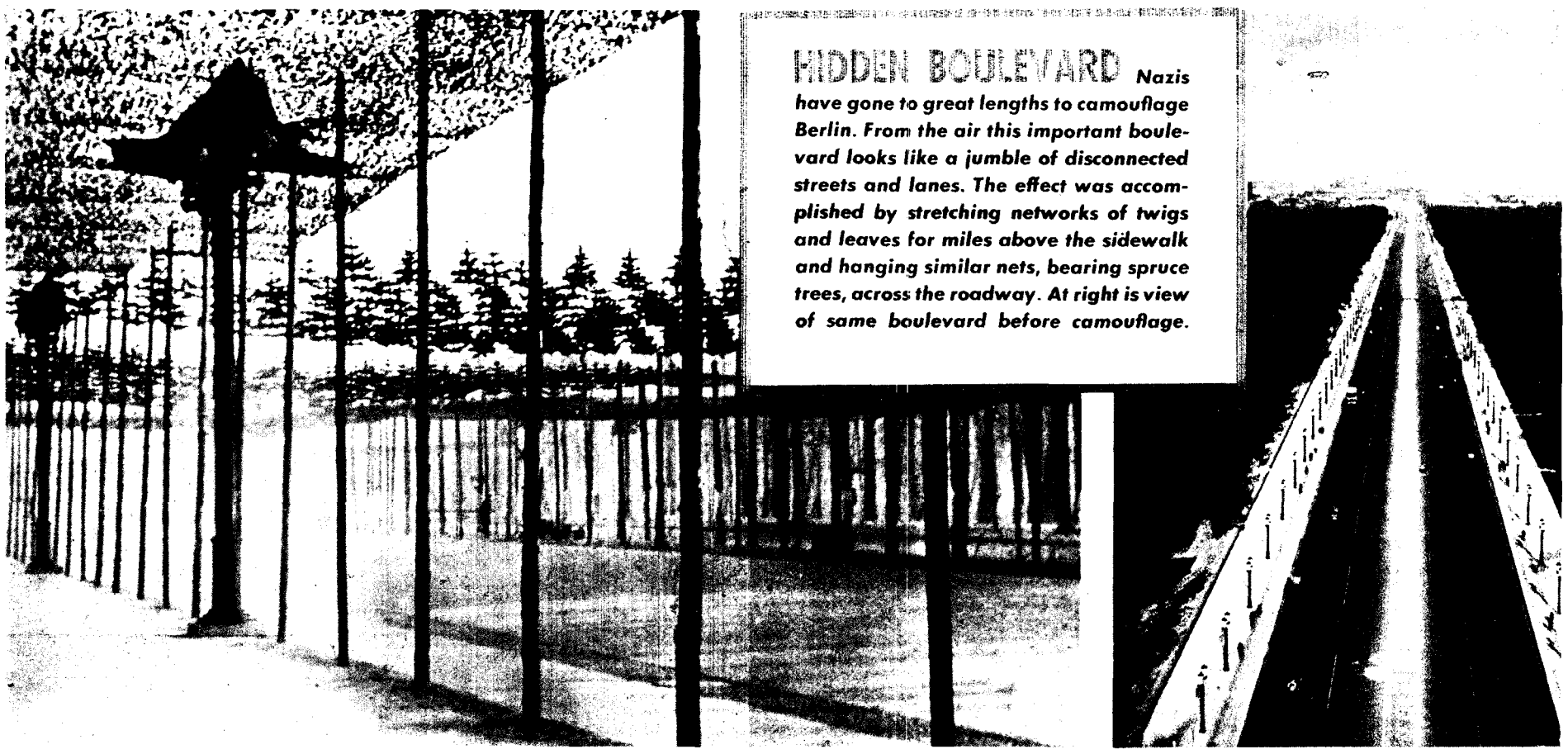
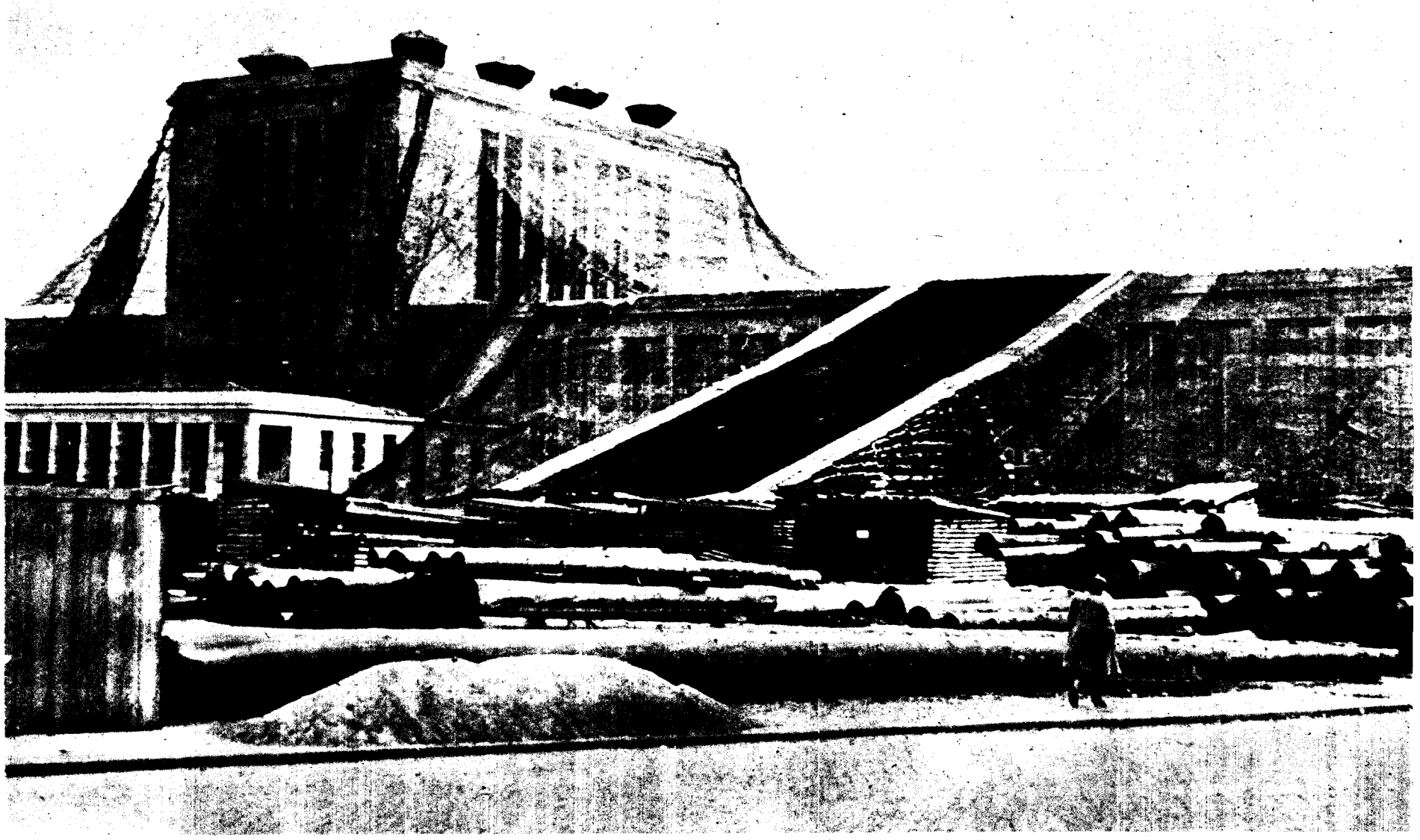


HIDDEN BOULEVARD *Nazis have gone to great lengths to camouflage Berlin. From the air this important boulevard looks like a jumble of disconnected streets and lanes. The effect was accomplished by stretching networks of twigs and leaves for miles above the sidewalk and hanging similar nets, bearing spruce trees, across the roadway. At right is view of same boulevard before camouflage.*

EXCLUSIVE

ACTUAL PHOTOS BERLIN



PHONEY HIGHWAY *The big exposition halls on the Kaiserdamm, near the radio tower, are covered with immense colored nets over which foliage and branches have been spread. A fake road runs over the nets. Foreground, a phoney lumberyard, stocked with telephone poles.*

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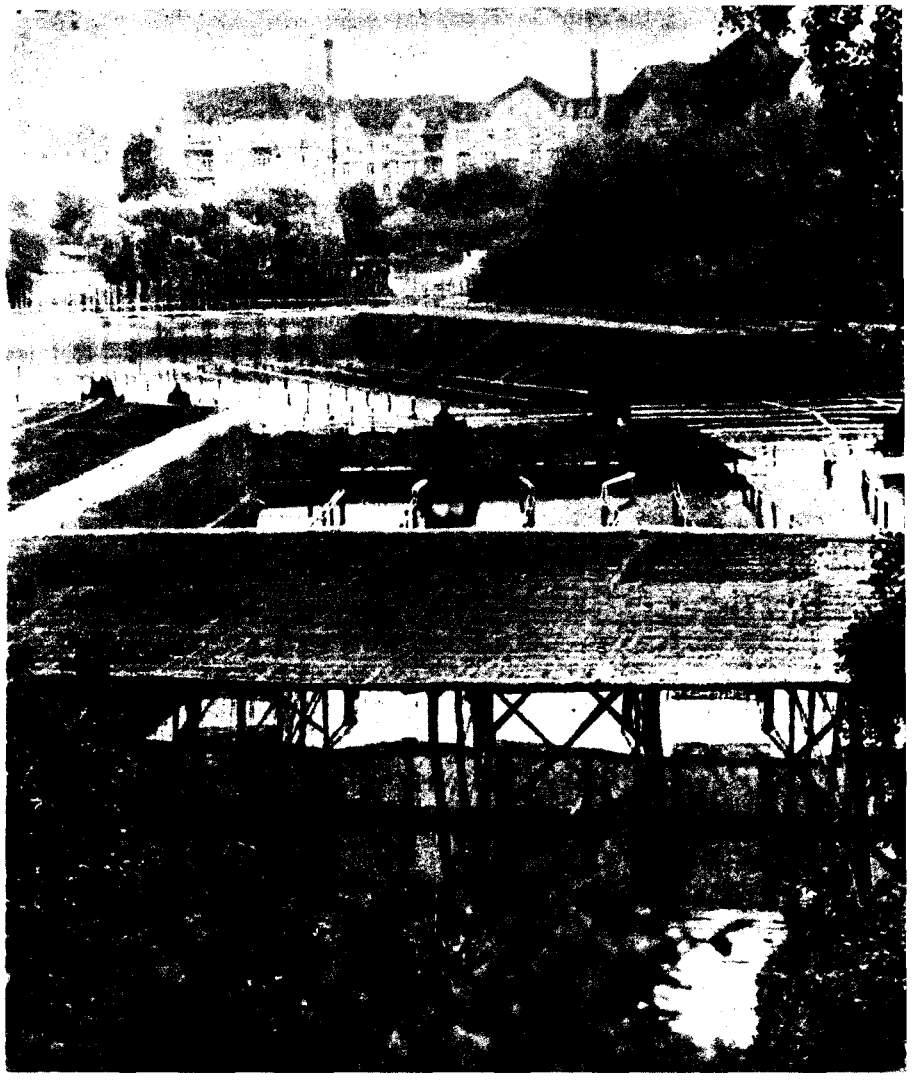
SOMEONE RISKED LIFE FOR THESE PHOTOS

These pictures were made at the risk of a human life. Berlin today is plastered with signs saying, "Photography prohibited under penalty of death," and death comes quickly and silently in modern Germany. Someone, however, whose name does not matter, took a chance—and these pictures are the result. Whoever he was, he wandered around wartime Berlin. He saw the marks of British bombs in Tauentzien Strasse, the statue of Frederic of Prussia surrounded by concrete, the disguised streets by the Brandenburger Tor, and the Goddess of Victory on the Siegelsaeule Victory Pillar with her gold body hidden under a coat of dull gray paint—perhaps a portent of Germany's fate.

AT WAR

OMINOUS PRECAUTION *The former store of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. on the Wittenbergplatz houses what is supposed to be an SS shelter. Actually it is a pillbox, with planks concealing its concrete. In case of a riot its machine guns would cover the square and the subway station.*

BRITISH BOMBS DID THIS *This is a hit in the Meineke section of Berlin. The building next to this houses the headquarters of "Flak Division 1" (Anti-Air Raid Division No. 1). Berlin damage has been light compared to that suffered by Cologne and Bremen.*



LAKE THAT DISAPPEARED *The Lietzen Lake in the Lietzensee Park has "disappeared." Poles have been driven into the lake and colored nets spread over them. Higher poles have been provided with bright red "roofs." From the air the lake presents a sylvan picture.*

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"Blood ran out on the ground, blood from a lot of game guys who didn't know when they were licked, who stuck when it was hopeless. They went down fighting . . ."

"While the meat lasted they made the most of it. It was tough, but so were the guys who were eating it, and at least when it went down it stayed. The carabao wasn't so bad . . ."

Homage to Bataan

Here is a Story of Courage that becomes more beautifully American with each telling. It's a story that Americans hold sacred, and ever will. To the memory of those who died in the flaming maelstrom of Bataan, these pages are dedicated.

THERE was an island called Luzon, and on this island there was a peninsula called Bataan.

It was a small peninsula, and it was hot. On the west were foothills choked with tropical growth, on the east steaming swamps and burning lagoons. Only in the center of Bataan was there open ground, made up of jungles and rice-fields, sun-baked and burning.

It was a hot and bloody place. The Japs came down from Aparri in the North and Lingayen Gulf in the Northwest. They came by thousands, like an army of ants, and there were not enough defenders to stop them.

It was like a knife through cheese, the Japs thought. Easier than China.

Then Bataan got up and hit the Japs in the face, with the old one-two, the uppercut, the right cross, the hook. The Japs got a G.I. kick in the teeth and a G.I. boot in the behind and a G.I. slap in the puss.

That was Bataan.

"They sent bombers over by fifties and by hundreds, but the bombers couldn't see accurately. The jungle hid the defenders and the bombers dropped their loads at random . . ."

That was the first sector. . . .

The Yanks dug in at Hermosa. It was a strong line and they held it, for three bloody months, from January to April. They held it till they were the wonder of the world.

They weren't even very special. They were just guys. They came from ordinary places, like Kentucky, Michigan and New Mexico. They were guys who drank cokes at the corner drugstore, who dated your kid sister, who tipped their hats to a girl they met on the street. You played baseball with them, and wrestled with them on the vacant lot, and talked with them about Benny Goodman and the new suit you were going to buy.

But they held that line.

The colonel and the sergeant were caught in a bombardment and jumped into a hole. It was intense bombardment, and the colonel started to pray out loud. He heard the sergeant praying, too. When the bombardment was over the colonel said, "Sergeant, I noticed you were praying."

"There are no atheists in foxholes, Colonel," the sergeant said.

It was the sweetest line you ever saw.

When the Japs tried to crack it they hit the riflemen first. The riflemen were Filipinos, and they were neat on the trigger and they liked yellow meat.

Behind the riflemen were Yank Regulars and a mess of barbed wire. Machine guns were trained down every trail. Land mines waited in the hot, damp earth and every foxhole held a sharpshooter.

The Yanks fought like Indians, from behind trees and on their bellies. They moved like ghosts in the night. They stuck thousands of bamboo stakes in the ground, stakes that were fire-hardened and sharpened and could pierce the sole of the thickest shoe. There would be a cry from someone who stepped on a stake and a sharpshooter finished the job.

The Yanks began to remember things that had been forgotten since Daniel Boone moved into Kentucky. The Japs tried to fight like Indians, but they were up against guys who had a copyright on the process. They got their ears pinned back and a bayonet in their gut. They were hurt, and they didn't like it.

They sent bombers over by fifties and by hundreds, but the bombers couldn't see accurately. The jungle hid the defenders and the bombers dropped their loads at random.

The kid from the Quartermaster Corps picked himself up after a bombing. He was mad. "Wait till I see my old lady," he said. "When I was enlisting she told me to get in the Q. M. C. so I'd be safe."

Bataan was hot as the middle of Hell. A man couldn't see to shoot sometimes because sweat ran into his eyes. But sometimes the Japs came on in such numbers a man didn't have to aim. Japanese bodies piled higher and higher in front of the line and still the yellow men came on. They came on by hundreds and thousands. It was ten to one. The barrels of the Yank rifles were red hot and then it was nine to one. Yank machine guns bit into the hordes on the jungle trails and it was eight to one. Yank artillery sent shells screaming over the line and it was seven to one.

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But Jap replacements swarmed from transports down into Bataan. The bores of Yank rifles wore out and the ammunition diminished, a little more each day. The defenders turned their eyes to the sea, searching for the battlewagons, looking for the relief that might race across the horizon, hoping for just a few more planes, a few more shells, a few more cases of ball ammunition. But in their hearts the defenders knew that they would never come.

"Where the hell's the fleet?" the gunner wanted to know.

"That's easy," the other gunner said. "The last letter I got from a girl friend of mine was postmarked St. Louis. She never lets the fleet get more'n ten miles away from her, so it's up the Mississippi.

You could count the remaining Yank planes on the fingers of your hands, and the defenders joked about them. They were the "Bamboo Fleet" and "The Baling-Wire-And-Glue Transport Line." The pilots got them up, though, and when they were told they were too tired to fight, they disobeyed orders

"The riflemen were Filipinos, and behind the riflemen were Yanks..."

and knocked down a couple of Zeros. The planes were P-40's patched up so often with wire that they loked like pianos, but they had slugs in their guns and the pilot said, "What the hell . . ." One guy went up in a flying piano with a shotgun across his knees and a bolo around his waist. The shotgun was for aerial combat and the bolo was to cut himself from his harness if he had to bail out.

He never bailed out.

The pilots took off many times a day, week after week. They'd talk big over the radio, and if three planes went up they'd say, "Well, let's get these 70 planes off the ground," and the Japs were scared to go up after them.

When the Japs did go up they toted bombs and kept above the range of the flak. Sometimes the gunners cried at their guns because the Japs flew so high. But sometimes they connected and then it was Exit, Tojo, and the gunners felt better.

The Coast Artillery private stood up on the parapet of his gun pit and rolled out the thunderous phrase from the Koran: "The heavens and the earth and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?"

There was a silence, and then a Tennessee drawl from below answered: "If you can do that well on a cup of yesterday's coffee, what couldn't you do on a bottle of cold beer?"

The food ran low, and at last there was not enough to go around. Day by day the defenders weakened. The Q. M. C. set up bakeries behind the lines and for awhile there was plenty of bread, but at last even the bread ran out.

The slaughterhouses butchered the horses, the mules, the wild pigs and the carabao, but it wasn't enough. And the defenders laughed and accused the Q. M. C. of killing pythons and crocodiles and issuing them as food.

The rice ran out early and a little inter-island steamer sneaked through the Jap blockade with rice and bananas and eggs. But that was the last boat. That was in January. Even that early the defenders went on half-rations.

The canned goods went bad, the sugar gave out, the salt was made from sea water. The coffee was so weak that guys asked for a whiff instead of a cup of the stuff.

There was no fruit, no vegetables, no milk.

While the meat lasted they made the most of it. It was tough, but so were the guys who were eating it, and at least when it went down it stayed. The carabao wasn't so bad. It made good sandwiches. The men called the sandwiches "caraburgers." They were something you couldn't buy at Coney Island in a million years.

The old artillery sergeant looked dubiously at the forkful of mule meat he held in his hand. "Well," he said, "I beat hell out of these critters for twenty years—they're sure getting back at me now."

The Jap hurled himself at the line continually, and he didn't give a damn about losses. Some places the earth was soaked with blood, and the roots of jungle plants drank up the life of men. The field hospitals were packed with wounded. Nurses threw away their white uniforms and wore khaki shirts and slacks.

The hands of the nurses were covered with blood, and when one of them wiped sweat from her forehead her face would be bloody, too. Almost everyone had at least one wound, and if it was only one no attention was paid to it. The wounded men went back into the line and gritted their teeth and kept firing.

An infantry colonel returned to action with his third wound unhealed, a great, yawning hole in his arm that was sprinkled with sulfanilamide and covered with a dressing. As the battles went on the faces of the men grew tense and tight and drawn. Their eyes sank into their heads and the shape of their skulls appeared in sharp relief through drawn cheeks.

Three privates were cut off and out of ammunition. A general grabbed a Browning machine gun and, taking a sergeant with him, crossed the Jap lines and brought the privates back. "You boys ought to be more careful," the general said.

While there was ammunition and while there were planes the artillery had a circus. They knew where the Japs were and they knocked them off by hundreds. The ammunition ran low and there were no more planes. The guys from the Air Force went into the line and those that didn't know the weapons available were taught how to use them.

The Japs got cagey, painted themselves and their rifles green and fought from behind trees. They would wait behind a tree for hours, never moving, until something crossed their sights.

The time for Bataan was running out, and the Japs knew it.

They waited while the defenders grew weak from hunger and wounds and disease, waited behind their lines, eating some of the best food they had been given for a long while, drinking *sake* and biding time. Jap officers spent long evenings caressing their huge swords.

"The hands of the nurses were covered with blood, and when one of them wiped sweat from her forehead her face would be bloody, too. Almost everyone had at least one wound . . ."

They would wait. Their time was coming.

The dirty Engineer private spat on the bole of the tree. "One thing I know," he said. "There won't be any Purgatory for us. After Bataan we'll go right on through without any local stops." . . . . .

At last the clocks on Bataan stopped. It was April, and at home the Spring was swinging up through Georgia toward the Great Lakes. In the cities robins were hopping in the parks, and in the country thrushes were singing on the pasture fences.

The line was still there, but something had gone out of the men who held it, something that hunger and death and disease had dragged out of them. They were game, but they hadn't the strength.

The Japs cracked the line, and cracked it hard. It split down one end. The yellow men poured through the hole and it was almost over but the shouting. Even then the Yanks tried a counter-attack, but it was too late. They stumbled forward, hardly able to see, hardly able to think, and the fresh thousands of Japs caught them.

Blood ran out on the ground, blood from a lot of game guys who didn't know when they were licked, who stuck when it was hopeless. They went down fighting, and when the ammunition was gone they used their bare hands and their teeth, and they almost threw the attack back on sheer nerve.

But it wasn't in the cards.

The Japs swept over Bataan and Death came with them. One by one the defenders fell, and at last there was only a little crowd left at the beaches, with nothing at their back but the waters of the Pacific.

They made a last stand on the beaches and died there one by one. Across the bay unsullied Corregidor stood grim and game, waiting for the fate that it knew must come. Finally all was quiet on Bataan and the cold-eyed gunners of Corregidor waited for the death that would soon come to them from every side of a lost island . . .

That was the island called Luzon —the peninsula called Bataan.

Americans fought a bloody fight there in the Year of Our Lord 1942, in the Year of the American Republic 159.

Many of them will not be coming home again. They lie where they fell. They will never again see an American sun shining on an American meadow, or step a sedan up to ninety, or grab some pie and coffee at a corner diner.

They were clerks and truck drivers, insurance salesmen and short-order cooks. They were little guys, but they went out big.

We'll be coming back to Luzon one day, coming back hard and tough, with plenty of planes, plenty of guns, plenty of everything. We owe these guys a debt, and we've got to pay it.

We'll pay it with interest.

"The Jap hurled himself at the line continually, and he didn't give a damn about losses . . ."

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The Flighty ITIES

or A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Italian uniforms are designed for speed, with nice, baggy pants so Pietro and Giuseppe can get plenty of knee action. This war has turned out to be a game of tag, and it seems that the boys from Rome are always "It." Caesar should have lived so long.

RUNNING a rat race away from any of several fronts, we present the pride of the Italian Army, such as it is. You will notice that the six foremost characters form a rough triangle, at whose apex we find a gentleman known as a "Pacesettia." His job is to count cadence for all Italian retreats.

Behind him, and on his right, is a corporal of Infantry, who is both from, and full of, Bologna. On the corporal's left, wearing a little something whipped up by the Empress Eugenie, is a colonel of Bersaglieri, whatever the hell *they* are.

In the center of the triangle's base is a major of infantry who has run all the way from Africa. On the major's left is a captain of Grenadiers who can actually smoke a cigar under a showerbath. "A sword in the hand is worth two in the *bouche*," he says in abominable French. At the right of the major is a Division General. Every time he kisses his wife, which is often (they have 16 bambinos), she has to have new skin grafted on.

Around the corner is an Italian staff car, which is built for speed—more than can be said for its occupants. Beneath the column is a man who once shook hands with Hitler, and in the lower corner is an officer of the Carabinieri. A bull, to you.

Exhaustive tests undertaken in Rome have definitely proved that a man can retreat faster wearing riding boots than he can wearing leggings. So that corporal must be a speedy boy. Il Duce, however, has been trotting to and from the Brenner Pass so much that he just can't run any more. Incidently, that's not a mop he is wearing on his shoulder. It simply means he's Da Boss.

These babies could move a lot faster, of course, if they went by plane. Unfortunately, the British have seen fit to dispose of the Italian Air Force. *Bastia!*

1. Colonel. 2. Lieutenant colonel. 3. Major. 4. Captain. 5. Lieutenant. 6. Sublieutenant. 7. Marshal major. 8. Chief marshal. 9. Marshal. 10. Sergeant major. 11. Sergeant. 12. Corporal. 13. Lance corporal. 14. Private first class.

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News From Home

Meridian, Miss.—The management of a theater here was mystified by the discovery of a pair of khaki trousers in the theater when the performance ended. The owner was invited by means of an advertisement to claim them at the ticket office.

New York—The effect of after-dinner speeches upon potentates was demonstrated when King George II of Greece, having delivered 20 speeches in 12 days, finally had to demur at a dinner in his honor. His voice was gone.

Washington—Manufacturers of U. S. flags are assured by the WPB that cotton and rayon fabric for the Stars and Stripes will rate high in priority scales. "The American flag is a very important part of the war production program," said a WPB deputy director.

South Portland, Me.—Shipyard workers here are all-out for gas and rubber conservation. Fourteen of them ride to and from work in a discarded hearse; 13 others travel together in a cooperatively-owned police patrol wagon.

Bakersfield, Calif.—Married at 13, with a daughter who married at 14. Mrs. Frank Pipkin, 45, believes she is the youngest great-grandmother in the country. She has 13 children, 14 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. An "Okie" at Arvin Migratory Camp, which was mentioned in "The Grapes of Wrath," she does folksong recordings for the Library of Congress.

Kansas City, Mo.—The silent comings and goings of cyclists at night led local police to offer a solution to the accident problem. The law volunteered to paint every bicycle white, gratis.

Toledo, Ohio.—Paul Wallace's plight began when he enlisted in the Navy the same day his draft board set December 3 for induction. Then the two services began to bow to each other over priority. The Navy yielded to the Army; the Army deferred Wallace because of the Navy. Finally, the Navy notified him to report. Two hours later, the Army instructed him to show up; it had obtained priority from the Navy. He's in the Army now.

Washington—A national service photographic contest announced by officials of the USO has been called off at the request of the War Department. Brig. Gen. Frederick H. Osborn, Chief of Special Service, informed the USO that the competition would "contravene the present policy of safeguarding . . . information which might prove helpful to our enemy."

Camp Davis, N. C.—Warrant Officer Herman Blizzard sold himself a bill of goods. He's been chief clerk for the post aviation cadet examining board for some months. Too old to enlist in the Air Forces, he advised younger men to get their feet off the ground. Along came the new glider pilot training program, with a maximum age of 35 years. The examining board had to pick a new clerk.

Fort Knox, Ky.—Another Mitchell has a foot on the Army ladder, just when the policies of his father are being acclaimed. John Mitchell, 21, son of the late Major General William ("Billy") Mitchell, chief of the Air Corps, is a second lieutenant. Inducted last fall, he was a corporal in artillery at Fort Sill, Okla., then shifted to armored forces to get action. He received his bars in June.

Grosse Point, Mich.—Henry Ford's only granddaughter, Josephine Ford, with bushy brunette hair and handsome features, is engaged to be married to Walter Buhl Ford II, a neighbor. They are not related. She is Edsel Ford's daughter.

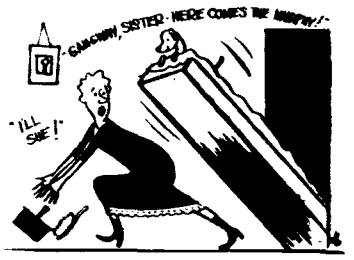
Salt Lake City—Chowhounds may ruminate over biology field study completed here recently. A student found that a cow, grazing through a pasture, chews at a rate of 50 to 70 times a minute. The maximum noted was 90.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Commanding officers of Osage Indian soldiers are receiving numerous requests to let their troops come home for the Osage Victory dance, now being held for the first time since World War I.

San Quentin Prison, Calif.—Lethal gas is the legal method of execution in California now, but the gallows still stand here. The law says that all capital crimes committed before 1937 must be punished by hanging and there are scores of unsolved slayings.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—The war has saved Clifford Hayes, 30, from death—temporarily at least. Hayes was due to be electrocuted Aug. 9, but the state has no electric chair and priorities prevent building one.

Polar Bluff, Mo.—Roy Davis, 13, of nearby Ellisnore, brought to a hospital suffering from severe burns, said some cannon crackers he had in a hip pocket "started shooting when I scratched an itchy place."



Cincinnati—Mrs. Irene Papinau filed a $15,000 damage suit against her landlord, charging that a folding bed unfolded so quickly it knocked her down.

Plymouth, Mass.—Enforcement of an old curfew law to compel all persons under 16 to be off the streets at 9:30 P.M. was advocated by civic leaders on the grounds that many girls had been flirting with men in uniform.

Pittsburgh—The H. J. Heinz Company, which turns out some 57 varieties of pickles and canned foods, will begin soon to produce airplane parts from plastic bonded plywood.

Camden, N. J.—The Army jeep is too fast for an ordinary police prowl car, Camden cops have learned. Sergeant John Garrity and Patrolman Edward Saski started pursuit when a jeep roared by their vehicle. After a five-mile chase they gave up.

Griffin, Ga.—Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Elliott are somewhat puzzled as to exactly where their son, Clarence, is stationed with the Marines. A letter from him described a dance "given the marines by the natives." "Imagine our surprise," he wrote, "when the girls showed up barefooted. But that didn't stump us. We took off our shoes, too, and enjoyed the dance."

Paris, Mo.—Mrs. R. O. Bornhouser drove her car into a service station and enlisted the aid of an attendant in opening the locked trunk. When the lid was pried open, out crawled Mr. Bornhouser. He'd been inside, with flashlight and tools, trying to fix the lock.

South Plainfield, N. J.—Louis Anderson was charged with atrocious assault and battery after he bet he could shoot a friend's hat off with a .22 caliber rifle. The bullet creased his friend's head.

San Francisco, Calif.—Barbers here have raised their prices. Haircuts now cost 75 cents, shaves 45 cents, neck trims for women 50 cents and children's haircuts 65 cents.

Belleflower, Calif. — Arthur Steinman isn't sore any more at the kids who spattered tomatoes against the walls of his filling station last Hallowe'en. Tomato vines are springing up in the station's parkway and it looks like a bumper crop.

"In last night's blackout I lost two lipsticks, a compact and three First Class privates!"

For Butter & Egg Men; Others, Don't Bother

The Department of Utter Nostalgia submits this item, which can be clipped out and pasted on top of a razor box, to be gazed at fondly from time to time:

Chicago Butter and Eggs

Chicago, June 23 — (AP) — Butter, receipts 1,414,903; easy prices as quoted as the Chicago price current creamery, 93 score 36¾ to 37¼; 92, 36¼; 90 centralized carlots 35½ to ¼.

Eggs, receipts 30,110; easy, fresh graded, extra firsts, cars 30¾; firsts, cars 30½; current receipts 29.

That's it for one day, boys: 411.

San Francisco—Mrs. Claire Curtin told the court that her husband took a break in a poker game to marry her three years ago, then went back to the chips. "I haven't seen him since," she contended. It got her an annulment.

Washington—Plastic razors and razor cases are in the offing for U. S. soldiers and civilians alike, according to a War Department announcement. There was no suggestion of plastic blades.

Springfield, Ohio—Students of public and parochial schools here were first to be finger-printed in a state-wide civilian defense program for school children.

New York—Hunter College's dean of students warned 200 graduating girls not to get married until after the war. If they feel they must wed now, he advised, they should make sure they are well acquainted with their soldier fiances.

Los Angeles—A jury awarded Ernest Dukehart $10,000 in his $70,000 damage suit against the city. Three months earlier, Dukehart's offer to take $1,000 and forget it had been turned down by the mayor.

Wichita, Kan.—A resident of a small town near here wrote to Wichita's Police Chief Jaycox: "I am very much interested in capital punishment. Please send me some."

Camp Gordon, Ga.—Pfc. Dewey J. Hamlin and Miss Madge Daniel went to Heflin, Ala., to be married. The courthouse was so crowded with voters in a state election that the marriage had to be performed in a bank vault where the courthouse records are kept.

Nahant, Mass.—Fishermen hauled in more than 600 pounds of cod and haddock, killed by the shock of a small earthquake 30 miles east of Boston.

Jerseyville, Ill.—A stray dog wandered near the dog pound. The pound-keeper eyed him as a likely catch. Then the scrawny mongrel began digging out and killing moles that had torn up the lawn. The mongrel works so efficiently that the city has purchased a license and boards him.

Milwaukee—A court ordered a 23-year-old man held for examination because of unorthodox wooing methods. He sat behind a girl in a theater, introduced himself by pulling her curls and pursued her from seat to seat with two questions: Could she cook and would she marry him. He had four unused marriage licenses from various states in his pocket.

Elizabeth, N. J.—Mrs. Geraldine M. Florio obtained a divorce on testimony that her husband, whose ardor cooled when she gained 75 pounds, forced her and her two children to seek refuge in a hotel refrigerator after he learned she had instituted divorce proceedings.

Donalsonville, Ga.—Egbert Ward took his dog hunting. He shot a dove, which fell into a lake. The dog swam out to retrieve it and instead brought back a big trout.

Hoboken—Joseph Pompeo, 54, was held by police on a charge of disorderly conduct after he told deckhands of a Lackawanna Railroad ferry boat that a passenger had jumped overboard. The ferry circled for 20 minutes but found no one. Pompeo admitted his story was false.

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LOOKIN' 'N LISTENIN' Prime Minister Churchill takes it all in as Paratroops bail out over Ft. Jackson, S. C. Holding an air-ground communication set to his ear, he can hear the piercing "Geronimo!" yell as the men leap. With him is the "Jumping General," one-star W. C. Lee, parachute commander.

THEY DONE THEI

answer to the call for odds c
and garters in with old tire
Dean, Gloria Koster and Vi

CAIRO TAXI Sgts. Dashiell of Washington and R. G. Mott of Boston go sightseeing in the original Sky-Vue cab soon after their arrival in Egypt under Major General Russell L. Maxwell. They may be seeing action on North African front now.

YOUNGEST war mother. Mrs. Mary Reed, 29, of Corapolis, Pa., is the mother of a 17-year-old Coast Guardsman who enlisted last week.

UP AND OVER Ame
sheer rock wall as part of
"battle school." They will tr
in invasion tactics.

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and you seen it. Four patriotic showgirls from "Sons O' Fun" in the scrap rubber drive now on in the States. Here they pile girdles ings. Reading left to right, the legs belong to Joan Baker, Shannon cCordy.

butch. This is old stuff to the infantry, but here officer candidates at the AG school show their feet after practice march. If they carried those packs very far, blisters must have been six to the toe. And future AG or not, that ain't no fun.

ficers scale
g in British
own troops

HEADS we win. Australian and American soldiers toss coins during a break on outpost duty somewhere "down under." Watch out, Aussies—that's an old Army game.

STRAIGHTEN THAT WRIST, soldier! Gals modeling WAAC uniforms make with the hand salute and the pretty picture allee samee timee. L. to r., the uniforms are: officer's O.D.; officer's khaki; private's O.D.; same material as ours.

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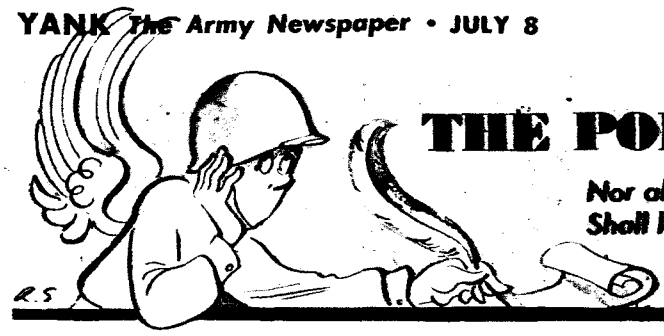


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

He had no escort to the pearly gates,
A colonel in a jeep had passed him by.
"I'm sure a guy with single stripes still rates
A better guide to heaven than his feet."
Said Private Joe. "I figured dying means
The end of blisters and those army beans."
He got there feeling like a worn out rag
And asked Saint Peter where he had to go
To park his feet and shed his barracks bag.
"And how about those angels, pal?" he asked.
"Now just forget the angels," Peter said.
"They have to please the living, not the dead."
"Before you can come in we first require
Your previous occupation and your name,
Then we'll assign you to the heavenly choir
And issue you a pair of GI wings.
Your diet is restricted, since you will train
To help the members of the Chaplain Corps."
"Oh Lord!" moaned Private Joe, "no angel dates,
No drink, no fun, no sleep past reveille.
Oh well, I still recall some hopeful baits:

The devil shoots a wicked pair of dice."
The moral is: don't hope for milk and honey,
They might not even lend you any money.

PFC. John Hay

"THE MORTAR-MAN"

The mortar sat there squat and clean,
And death—it hovered close.
He didn't know just what to say,
A few words seemed verbose.
His movements had been swift and sure,
His calculations clear.
His face was set, his mouth was grim,
The hour of test was near.
"It'll work! It *must*" he prayed aloud.
But fear—it shook his knees.
Then steadied — calm — he looked around.
"What's your prescription please?"

Pfc. George P. Johnston

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF STENCILS

Oh, I wish I had a commission
With J. Caesar's legions of old,
When the mimeograph, as we know it,
Was a story that hadn't been told.
The orders were then mostly verbal,
And they seldom took time to write:
For the bulk of an officer's duties
Lay in teaching his men how to fight.
When they fought with the sturdy Helvetians,
A man who was absent was missed.
For they hadn't put half their army
On the Detached Officers' List.
They carried their banners to Britain,
And the Britons had no cause to laugh.
But I'm told it wasn't accomplished
By the use of the mimeograph.
Now I sit in a big city office
That's furnished with tables and chairs.
And the orderly falls down exhausted
When he's dragged half my mail up the stairs.
He deposits his load in the corner
And then he is done with his chore,
While I have ten hours before me
Just reading the memos from Corps.
Now back in the days when J. Caesar
Marched from the Rhine to the Rhone,
They had to get out special orders
With a mallet and chisel on stone.
There were no carbon copies of that stuff
To bother the staff and the line.
And yet, so historians tell us,
His doughboys just got along fine.
The Senate once sent him a letter
The kind many readers recall:
"Explain, by indorsement hereon, sir,
Results of campaigning in Gaul."
So he chiseled a snappy indorsement:
"I came and I saw and I won."
Put that in your pipe now and smoke it,
You pink-whiskered son-of-a-gun!
Now if I should write such an answer
And send it, through channels, to Corps,
The chances, my son, are a hundred to one
That I'd not have to write anymore:
For they'd hold a conclave on my record
And I'd be in Class B in a day.
And then they'd withdraw my commission
And stop all the rest of my pay.
Each day, as I sit in my office,
With my shoulders acquiring a stoop,
I wish that I had a commission
In J. Caesar's headquarters troop.
And yet I could die well-contented
Should this be my true epitaph:
"Here lies the American Soldier
Who Abolished the Mimeograph."

Jefferson Barracks Hub

Letters printed in YANK will bear name of writer unless otherwise requested. Outfits cannot be given for military reasons. Anonymous letters will not be considered, but you can specify use of your initials in print if you desire. YANK reserves the right to boil down long letters.

DEAR YANK:

In the June 17 issue there is a little item on Army Credit. Why in the devil doesn't the Army teach its men to live on what they make from the First 'til the 30th instead of letting them sweat "Canteen Check Days"? Pay a soldier twice a month and he won't have to ask anyone for credit. I've been with the Army four years and this is about the biggest fault I find with it. They don't pay us often enough to let us realize the power of having something of our own. Something after the 5th or 6th day we have to go around borrowing. Give a soldier two pay-days a month and he'll be as happy as a sailor. I don't know that my squawking will help the younger soldier but I'll lay you two to one that if the Army started paying twice a month it would be greater news than the pay rise,

CPR. W. R., U. S. AIR FORCE

What do the rest of you guys think about it?

DEAR YANK:

Do you think you could get to the bottom of the chow situation? Ever since I've been in (and it's been almost two years now) I've heard people talk about how Army food is really the best you can get, but something must happen to it in the kitchen. At first, I thought this might be the McCoy. But lately, after moving around a lot and eating in messes run by everything from mechanics to hotel chefs, I've begun to wonder. They can't all be chronic ruiners of food. Maybe the food isn't so hot itself. All I know is that liver has tasted like G. I. shoe sole leather in every mess I've chowed at. Has Yank a solution?

PFC. ELBERT THOMAS, F.A.

The problem has us beat. A couple of times we've run into chow that was mighty tasty. But Army liver is still like leather and the Q.M. still says it buys the best food on the market. It's one of those never-to-be-solved mysteries.

DEAR YANK:

Here's my squawk. I'm overweight by 80 pounds, my obesity is due to underactive thyroid gland. Therefore it is difficult for me to reduce although I'm in the infantry. I find running, jumping and walking very difficult, in fact my chest pains me terrifically after the exercises and from those long hikes. . . . I would like to get into a technician's outfit where I would be of more use, for instance the air corps ground crew as a technician or an airplane mechanic.

PVT. C. R., INFANTRY

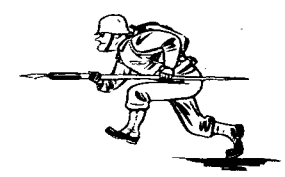
You don't have to be overweight to get pains in the Army. You'll find the airplane mechanic's got plenty of 'em, too. But if you want transfer the procedure is to prove to your company commander the Army would be better off if you were a mechanic, get his permission to apply for transfer. If he okays it, he'll show you how to make out the papers.

TWO CENTS WORTH

THE other day we were a little bewildered to discover a flash on our wire in which (1) London reported that (2) Stockholm sources had announced that (3) according to Berlin (4) a Bagdad statement claimed that 11,000 Yanks were on their way to Egypt from the Middle East. A little later (5) San Francisco said that (6) Melbourne had announced the same report. Just to check up, we called the Buttsville, Kansas, *Clarion*. "Don't believe a word of it, bub," the editor told us. "If we haven't heard of it here, it ain't so." We're still in the dark about those 11,000 troops. The Middle East is keeping a discreet silence.

WE have learned, through the capture of eight saboteurs on the beaches of the Atlantic, that there is a Sabotage School in Berlin. This is the first really interesting bit of news we've received from the German capital since they shot Heydrich, and we wish we knew more about it. Just what kind of a school is it? Is it co-educational? Do they have organized sports—a football team, maybe? Do they let you cut classes? Are there cheerleaders? These are very interesting matters, and we think Berlin should give us a little more dope. Especially about the athletic end. We certainly wouldn't like to play football against the Sabotage School. They'd probably stick some TNT between our left end's cleats whenever they wanted to try a sweep. Probably bludgeon our center with a lead pipe, too. Well, anyway, the Sabotage School sent some of its second team off-tackle to America, and they tried some unnecessary roughness. Penalty: 20 years. Siss, boom, bah!

Incidentally, we have a few pictures of Berlin in this issue which might hint that we have a few people capable of pulling off a little sabotage on their own hook. A. Hitler had better keep his nose clean, that's all we've got to say.



YANK

Managing Editor, T/Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig.; Asst. M.E. Corp. Harry Brown, Engr.; News, S/Sgt. Robt. Moora, Inf.; Features, S/Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, SU; Photos, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Layout, S/Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Sports, Corp. Joe McCarthy, F.A. Washington: S/Sgt. D. A. McGuire, F.A.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE:
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

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YANK THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
5¢ JULY 8, 1942
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By the men . . for the men in the service

The Faces of Fighters

We're an Army of individuals.

Always were—always will be.

The training we've had and the kind of fighting we do point to combat in which the man with the most common sense and the greatest ability as an individual soldier will come out winner.

This Prussian stuff doesn't go.

We have discipline—sure—but it's the kind of discipline that keeps a man a man and not an automaton. We obey orders and give orders without that blank look on our pans that characterizes Mr. Moto and his Aryan buddies. We still look alive and vital.

Winston Churchill saw that the other day.

He saw a show put on for him by soldiers in training at Fort Jackson, down in South Carolina.

It's hot down there this time of year, as a lot of us can remember from maneuvers, and a man can get mighty fed up with sweating and running his guts out over scorching sand for little or no apparent reason. Sometimes, a thousand miles from the front, a man can get too hot and too tired, and he'll say, "Ah, what the hell?"

He looks at himself and a couple of thousand other soldiers, all doing the same things, all sweating and running and falling with their faces in the sand, and he wonders if it's worth the effort. He's an individual, and he can think that way . . . if he wants to.

So down in the scrub pine and the dunes of Carolina's blistered landscape, American soldiers in training showed Churchill how they could sweat in make-believe combat.

They showed him how they could run and fall on their faces in the sand, how they could jump from planes and take an objective, how they could advance under live ammunition and clean out strong points. They showed him how they could shoot and how they could work like hell to win a war.

England's No. 1 Man saw our equipment and our weapons. He saw all the vast array of machinery that makes this Army strong. He saw all the complexities of instruments that make this Army modern.

IF THE MAN IN UNIFORM DICTATES THE PEACE TERMS

And amid the bursting of shells and the roar of machines, Churchill saw the fighting men who make this Army great.

When he had seen it all he said, quite simply:

"The faces of the men gave me the greatest and everlasting memory of the day."

It's still an Army of individuals.

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

That'll Learn 'Em

Members of the Nazi party will be compelled to buy a booklet exalting the late Reinhard (The Hangman) Heydrich.

The booklet has been translated into 11 different languages and extols the former No. 2 man of the German Gestapo as a sort of Nazi saint—the first, probably, of their new "religion."

The book is sure to have a good sale. Four and a half million storm troopers, the Hitler youth, the Nazi aviation corps, the Nazi motor corps, the Nazi girls' organizations and the Nazi labor service are compulsory purchasers.

Oh, a word about Heydrich. He got the name the Hangman, because he was just that. He got the nickname Cobra Eyes because the name fitted. He got himself so hated that a couple of Czechs pumped him full of lead, and he died two weeks later of lead poisoning. To avenge his death, the Nazis went on a wholesale rampage, wiping out the now-famous city of Lidice in Czechoslovakia.

And the purpose of the book? To make Heydrich a model for German youth.

Perfecting Technique

At Lidice the Nazis, in a sacrifice to the spirit of the assassinated Heydrich, killed every man, sent the women to concentration camps, put the children in German "education centers," and burned the village to the ground.

When they visited the Czech town of Levzsaky they repeated all the steps of their other performance, but added a detail.

At Levzsaky they killed the women as well as the men.

Boudoir Stuff

WASHINGTON.—The old Army cot, a bed of pain to generations of Yanks, is as dead as the cocked hat and the muzzleloader.

The War Department announced recently that the cot will be replaced by a wooden bed so constructed as to form one-half of a doubledecker.

The new bed will allow some 31,500 tons of steel to be used for other war needs.

Hate Thicker Than Blood

For 18 months Hendrik Willem van Loon, the author, has been broadcasting from New York to his native Holland, exhorting the people to have courage and resist their oppressors. The Nazis didn't like it. They took Van Loon's 22-year-old nephew, roughed him up plenty, held him for two months. Then two weeks ago 124 young Dutchmen, all of whom have been hostages of the new order in Europe, were shot. Van Loon's nephew is believed one of the victims. The broadcasts continue.

The Female of the Species

A Sevastopol girl, Maria Baida, 23, has been awarded the Order of Lenin, receiving the title "Hero of the Soviet Union." She is the first Sevastopol woman to be so honored.

Recently, during a raid behind the Nazi lines, Maria killed 20 Germans with an automatic rifle; and when she ran out of ammunition she grabbed a rifle from a wounded Nazi and held an important defense point against a German platoon until help arrived.

In spite of a wound in the head she returned to her own outfit safely.

Tale of Three Soldiers

A 17-year-old girl is being held by probation officers at Fort Smith, Ark.

Camp Chaffee officers said the girl not only married three soldiers, but she managed to maintain separate homes with two of them without arousing either's suspicions.

All in a Day—

In a day's news from Europe:

German military leaders are urging Hitler to occupy all France to meet the invasion threat.

Five hundred thousand Italian soldiers are massed in Northern Italy to move into France as reinforcements for the German Army of Occupation.

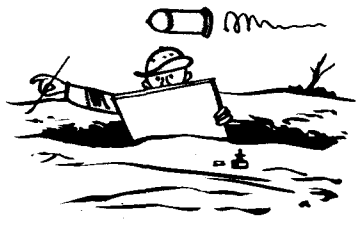
A million French residents have been evacuated from the coastal areas in connection with German defense preparations.

Twenty-six German divisional commanders have been replaced within the last three or four weeks.

ARE YOU A FRUSTRATED POET?

YANK wants your poetry, even if your best pal won't read it. Long or short, funny or serious, mail it to us from wherever you are and we'll print all we can. Just address YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

CAN YOU DRAW, PAINT, OR MAKE CARTOONS?



YANK wants artist contributors! If you can draw cartoons or make action sketches of what goes on where you are, send it to us at YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

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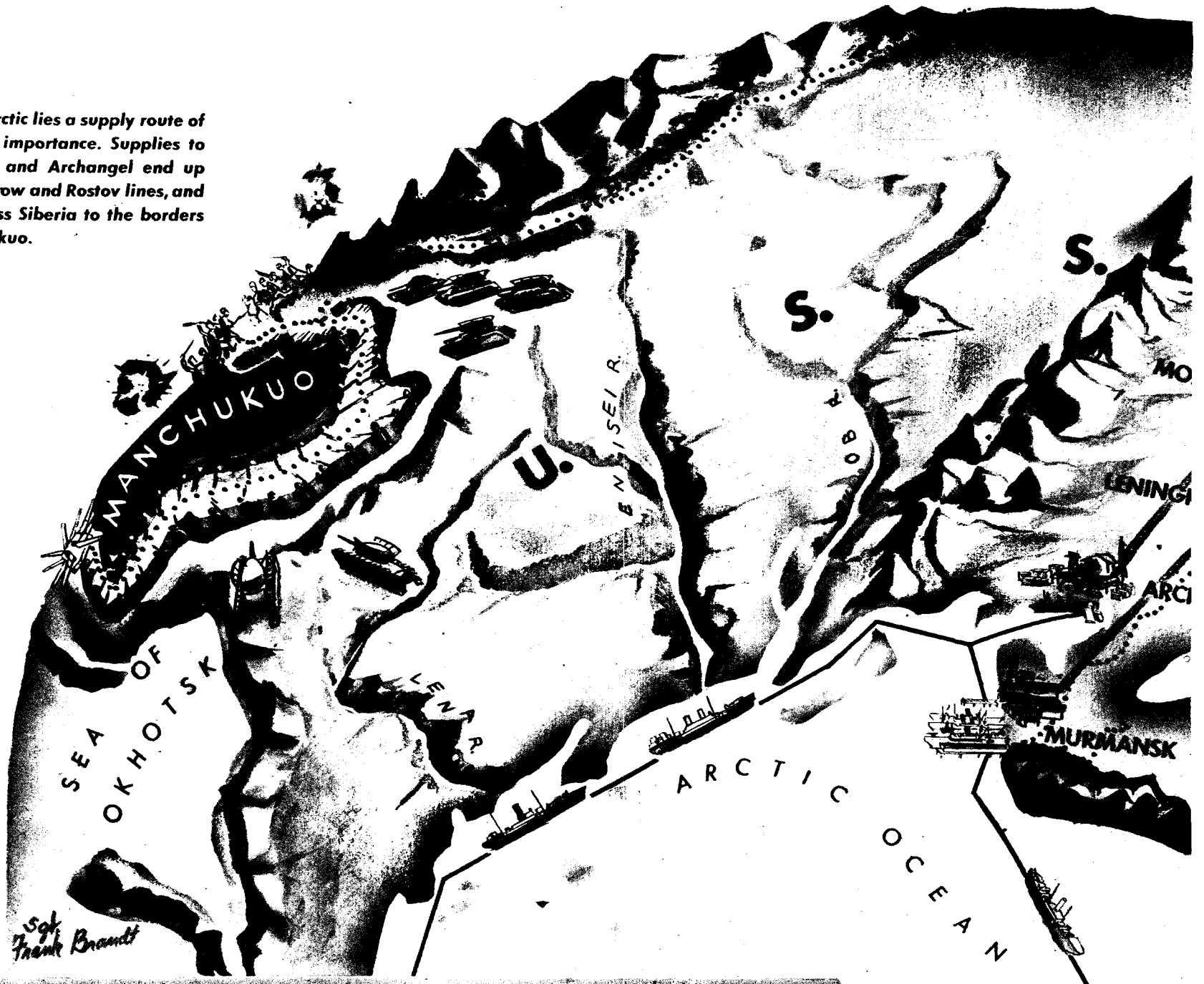

In the Arctic lies a supply route of increasing importance. Supplies to Murmansk and Archangel end up in the Moscow and Rostov lines, and move across Siberia to the borders of Manchukuo.

NORTH FRONT

Week's News from War Fronts Emphasizes Importance of Murmansk in Stopping Nazis

There's one beautiful thing about this war so far. It uses up the most useless god-forsaken chunks of territory anywhere on this planet.

For all the bombs that whined down on London, for all the fire and the death, for all the wounded who cried with pain in Chungking and all those who lost their faith in man when the Stukas swarmed down like buzzards and smashed the cathedrals of England —for all that, some divine law of compensation has lured the main burden of devastation into territory fit neither for man nor beast, but certainly territory which isn't tearing up anybody's shrubbery or bringing sudden death to a child playing at home in a sandpile.

So it was last week.

The most barren reaches of the world were, in turn, either active flaming theaters of war or vast potential arenas for knock-down drag-out fights.

Libya, seared by the sun of centuries, was one active theater.

The little coral-strewn sand-hill islands of the Pacific were another.

And the third—the great potential—was far to the north just shy, by a few miles, of the most bleak and bitter places known to man, the Arctic.

And here's why.

Far up past England, farther north even than the lonely outpost of Iceland, past the deep fiords of conquered Norway lies a great gateway to a fighting front. There in the north, hard by eternal ice and snow lies the Russian port of Murmansk, battered by nature and standing as a lonely outpost of civilization. In peacetime, it isn't much of a city, with its shacks and makeshift wharves casting almost pathetic shadows in the saffron light of the far north. Not much of a city in peacetime, but in war the name Murmansk is magic: a sort of Golden Gate to the Russian front. Over those shabby docks some day may roll the tanks that will save a front. Longshoremen may unload there the hundred guns that will mean the difference between victory now and a long hard struggle later.

The ice is melting in the north this week, melting with a great rumble, possibly a little ominous.

Down from Murmansk lies the city of Leningrad which refused to die last winter, Moscow which would NOT give up, Kharkov which has taken a battering as few cities have taken and farther south, Sevastopol, crumbling as this edition goes to press.

Along two thousand miles of Russian soil, the Hun is blasting his way deeper into the key strongholds of the Soviet Union.

But up in Murmansk, there lies a possible clue.

Hitler's eastward drive from Russia was aimed straight as an M-1 bullet toward the heart of the Caucasus.

Then, to the west of the Caucasus, the Suez Canal. That was the target of the Lybian drive. They used to call Suez the lifeline of the British Empire, but they can no longer. The Nazis and their Italian friends have minimized its usefulness, but as long as the British hold Suez, they also prevent the Germans from bringing up valuable supplies through it from the Far East, now ravaged by their allied the Japanese.

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Now it's a long way from Suez to Murmansk, but militarily the two might just as well have been a block away, for the shrinkage of space on this planet is becoming terrific.

Here's how that worked.

The Lybian reel-back in itself was dangerous enough to the Allies. In itself, the Russian set-backs were dangerous, too. But together the two combined to make a real full-fledged threat to the security of Europe and the shipping lanes that lace the world.

If supplies could be brought to Russia, they could be brought through Murmansk. If those supplies arrived, they eventually would strengthen the Middle East. Those two fronts, pendulum-fashion, are in many ways complementary.

The actual fighting flowed this way.

In Libya, General Rommel's legions rumbled in their tanks past captured Tobruk which they took tne week before. They slashed their way through the barrier at Halfaya —or Hellfire—Pass on the border in nothing flat, raced on into Egypt The situation was as bleak as the desert itself, but then of course the British were falling back on a defense line planned and plotted by General Wavell, the one-eyed genius who drove further into Libya himself than anybody had before in this war, or anybody has since.

In rapid succession, Marsa Matruh—a name known to all of us—fell, then the little sprinkling of desert outposts around it, until finally the enemy apparently had by-passed the strategic Egyptian airdrome of Fuka and were driving hell-for-leather toward the mighty British naval base at Alexandria.

That was the picture in Libya.

In Russia, it was much the same. The Hun knifed deeper into Sevastopol, the ancient city of the Crimea which once in time past withstood a siege for seven historic years. They threw their guns and tanks and planes in ever-increasing numbers against the Ukranian city of Kursk , and they started raising hell in the north again, around Leningrad.

Yet . . .

Above Leningrad, above Kharkov and thousands of miles from Suez was the grim little arctic port of Murmansk . . . There was a key.

Perhaps, though no one knew, fighting was due to flare in the arctic wastes soon . . . a fight for supplies . . . a fight for time.

Now, starting from Murmansk again, we look down to the left—as it lies on the map—or to the east.

Once again, the Arctic port was a clue. To the east, past the Ural mountains which stretch like an ugly hump of backbone across the face of Middle Russia, lies another danger zone—Manchuria.

The Jap had moved down in the past weeks into the Aleutians. At Attu he had established a base on American soil, partly perhaps to save his face after a bombed Tokyo, partly to establish a base through which to choke vital shipping, and partly to establish air bases from which to plaster the easternmost parts of Russian Siberia with bombs should ever a war arise between Tokyo and Moscow.

To the south of this highly-inflammable territory, the American Navy was on the prowl again in the Pacific last week. The Navy came back to the island of Wake which is the nearest Japanese base to Midway Island.

There, it seemed the developing pattern of America's battle against the Japanese indicated that American Naval and Army aerial units are keeping the Nipponese invasion forces off balance through bold offensive thrusts against vital enemy bases.

Down in Australia, too, the Jap was keeping his distance. One American correspondent cabled back from Melbourne:

"The complete absence of news from this area . . . stresses the obvious fact that in the south Pacific warfare is virtually at a standstill."

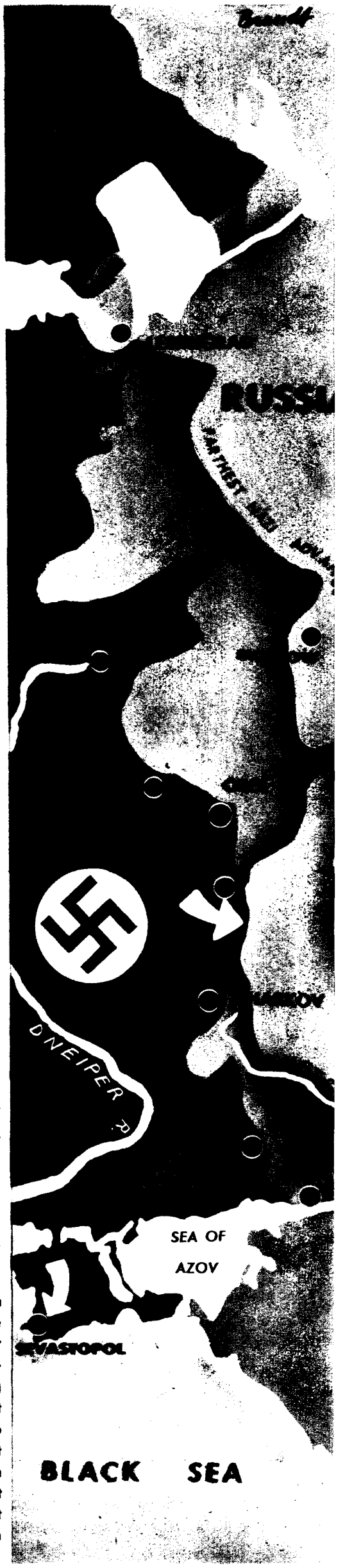
Nevertheless, the skies are due to clear within a few weeks in southeastern Asia, and the rainy season which bogged down the Japanese army in New Guinea and in Burma is scheduled to end. What then?

Washington had the answer to that. The mills and factories of America had the answer to that. As a matter of fact, it had been given back during the winter by President Roosevelt and by Prime Minister Churchill. They both had stressed American production and pointed to 1943 as a gala year for the Allies. The year 1943 is fast approaching, and we may see some of that offensive action even before then.

But, before the offensive action comes, there may be an even further offensive of supplies . . . brought to lonely, god-forsaken places like Murmansk.

From still-besieged Leningrad in the north to dying Sevastopol on the Crimea the immense Russian front throbbed with attack and counter-attack. The Germans were making local gains in several places, but their vaunted offensive had yet to take place. It might never really get under way. This summer's Russian defense is even better than last summer's—a defense in depth that lets tanks filter through to smash themselves on rear positions.

In Libya an outfit known as the "Green Squadron," manned by native Libyans, officered by Italians, moves across the face of Egypt with Rommel's Army. Non-coms of the Squadron are inordinately proud of their chevrons, have them made as large as possible. Their diet in the field is dried camel's meat, which they are probably eating near El Daba right now.



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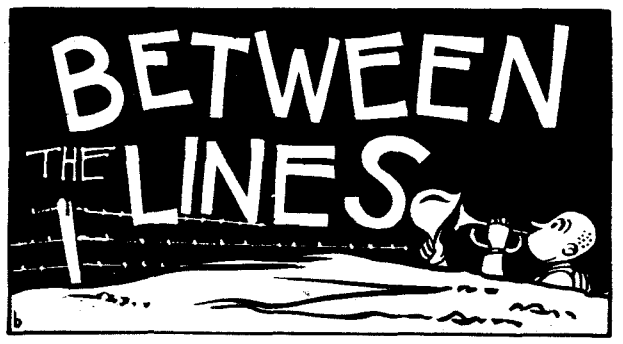
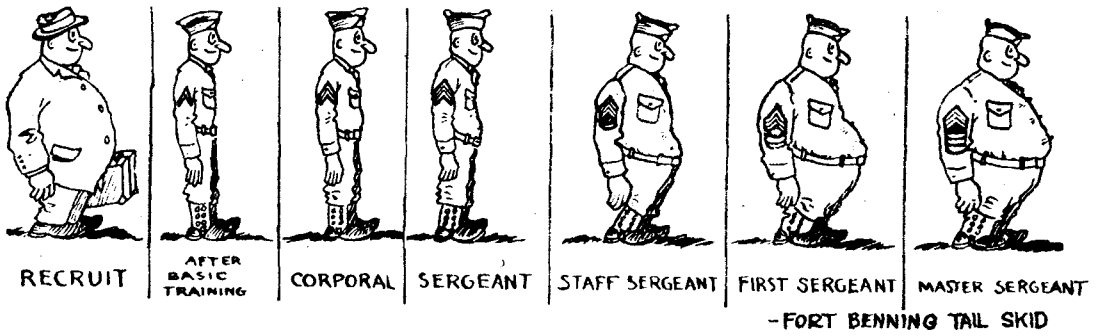




Dogface Calendar

A better June brought out the brides,
But now this month means half-track rides
All up and down the choking sand
Of Caroline maneuver lands.

July is bright with bursting crackers,
And picnic snacks and ball-club backers.

In Trinidad we celebrate
By just continuing to . . . wait.
With August comes a hint of autumn,
The falling leaves in Froggy Bottom.

But in the Irish Base Command
It's just a month of guard to stand.
September was a month of schools
With students breaking all the rules.
Outside of Melbourne we, perforce,
Attend a heavy weapons course.

Six months have turned October fruity
But Hallowe'en's a tour of duty,
And any punkin head that's lit
Gets three weeks' Guard house.
That's tough . . . luck.

November brings the same Thanksgiving
Our fathers used in thanks for living.
Like them we eat a timely turkey
But canned and tanned, and moist and murky.

December, when it comes this year
Would throw us deep in Christmas cheer.

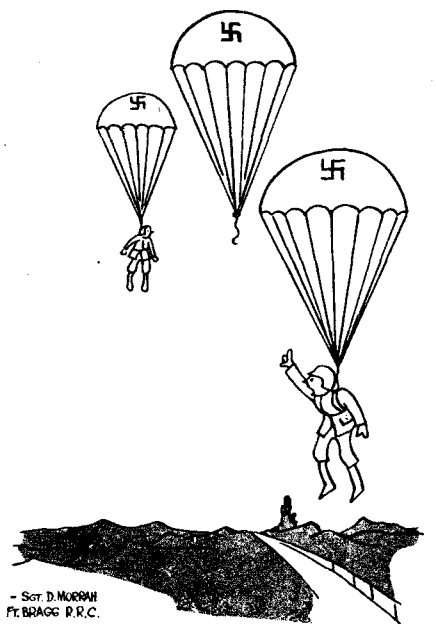
If, in our stocking, we could find
"An Allied Victory — Peace is Signed."

Pvt. Al Hine

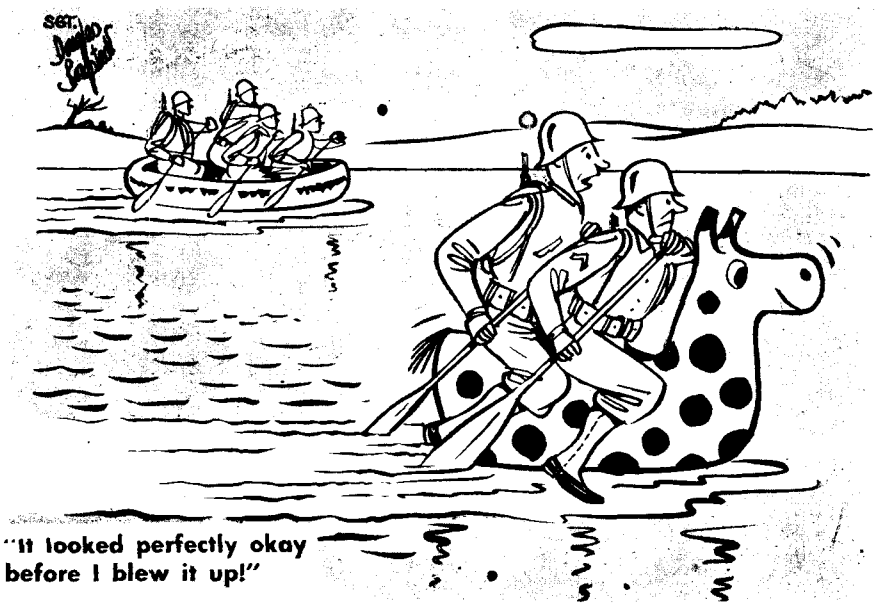
MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was khaki brown,
But everywhere that Mary went
Her lamb could not be found.
For Mary's lamb was kinda stuck,
He couldn't get a pass;
He spent his time in writing notes
To his adoring lass.
And this went on for weeks and weeks,
Till Mary got quite fed;
She wrote a note to her sweet lamb
And this is what she said:
"Oh, Mary had a little lamb
Whose heart she so preferred;
But she couldn't wait and quickly wed
A wolf who'd been deferred."

Pvt. K.P. Anon



"Look! No Hans!"



"It looked perfectly okay before I blew it up!"

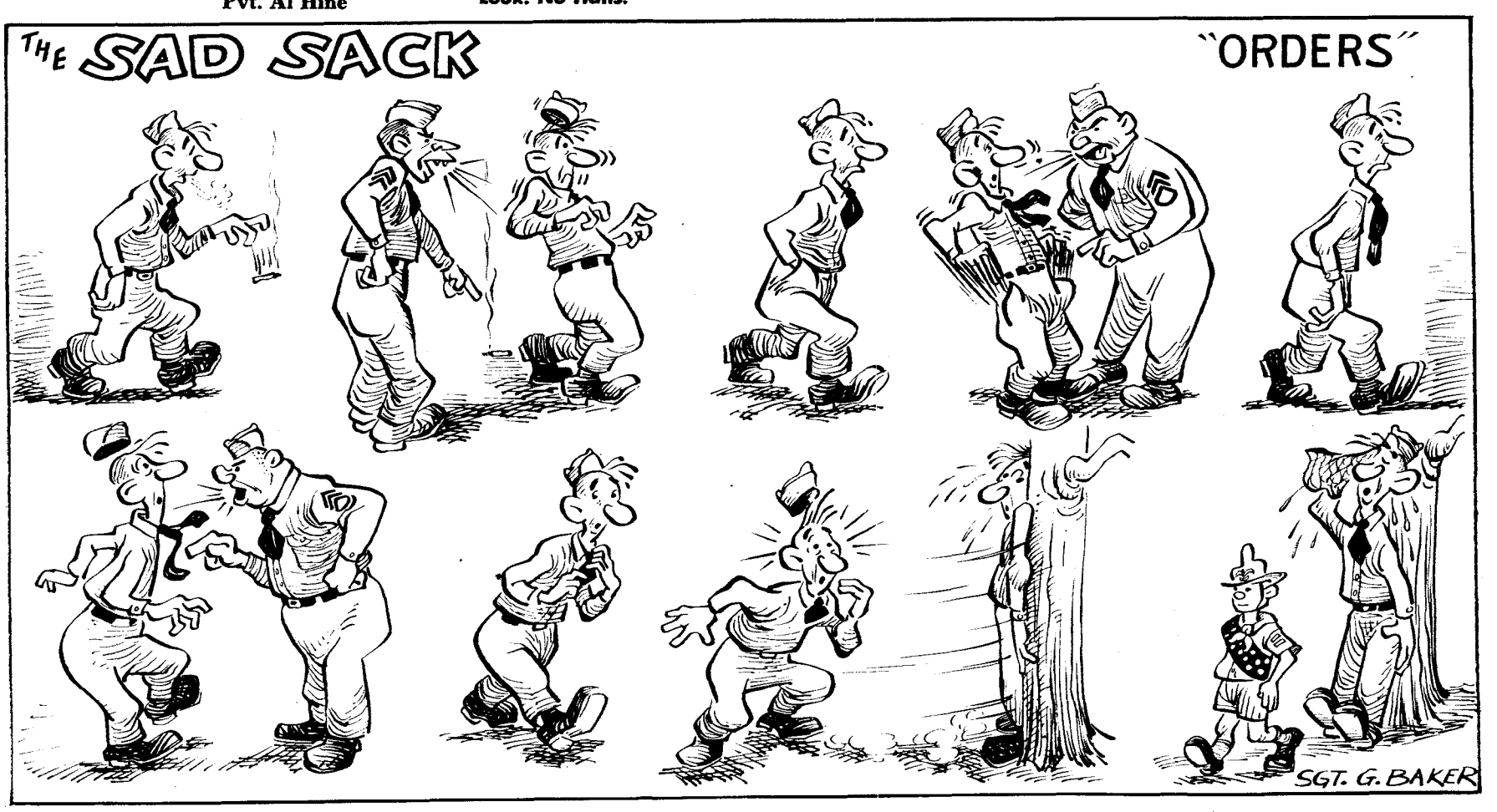
Blues in Berlin

My fuehrer done tole me,
When I was in Munich,
My fuehrer done tole me,
"Hans—
A Russian will fall back
And give you the East Front,
But when the winter snows come
A Russian's a two-face,
A worrisome thing, who leaves you to sing
The blues in Berlin."

See the bombs a-fallin',
Hear the blitzes callin',
Goering! Oh, where is the Air Force?
We ain't got no booties,
All we got is cooties.
Goebbels! Oh, typhus and black plague,
Der Wehrmacht, der Wehrmacht!
A clickety-clack, and soon we'll be back
With the blues in Berlin.

From Kiev to Lubin,
From Kharkov to Rowno,
Wherever the panzers go,
I've taken some big towns,
And made me some big talk,
But there is one thing I know—
A Russian's a two-face,
A worrisome thing, who leaves you to sing
The blues in Berlin.

Lawson Field Tail Skid



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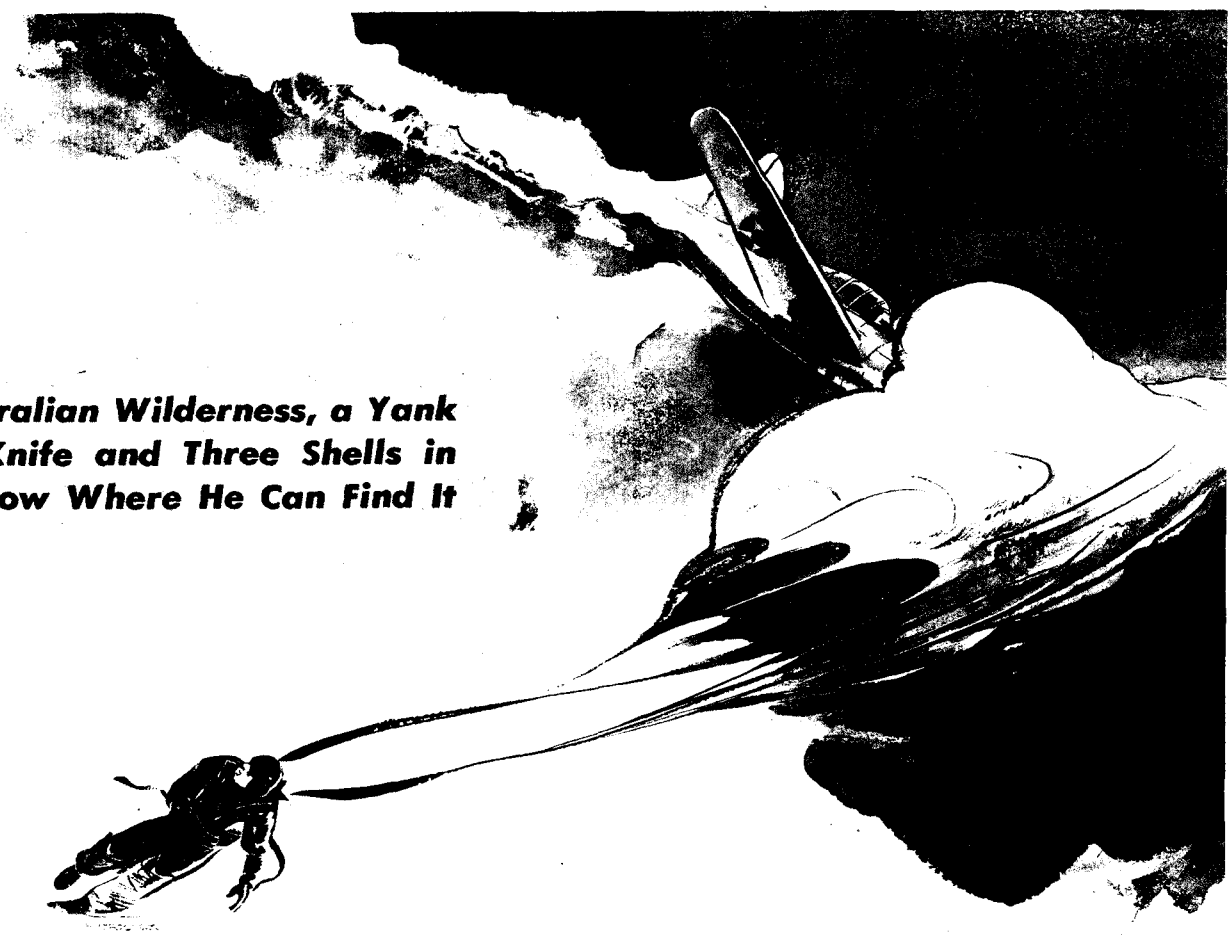
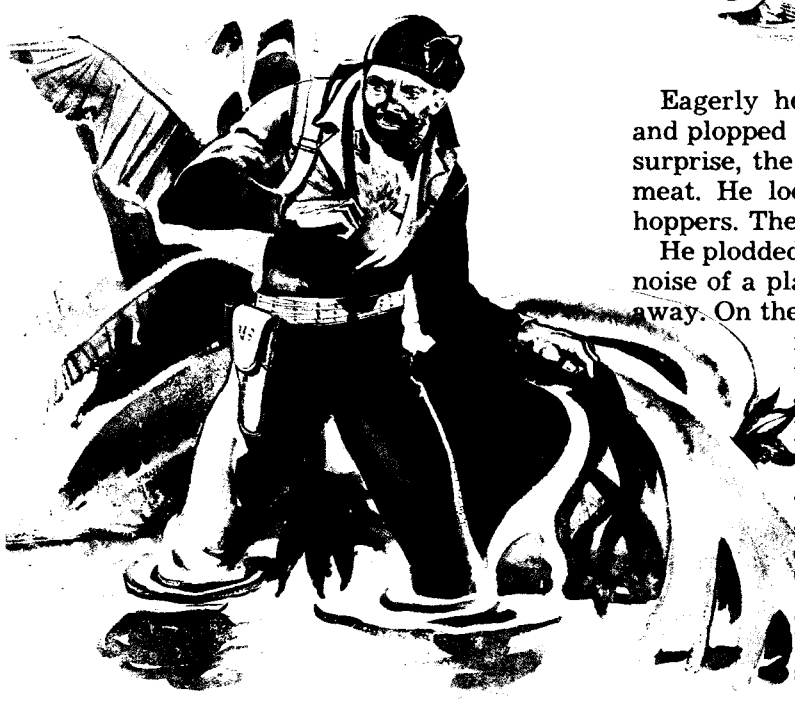
A FIGHT FOR LIFE

Forced Down in an Australian Wilderness, a Yank Fighter Pilot—With a Knife and Three Shells in His Pistol—Takes His Chow Where He Can Find It



YOUR name is Bill and you're a Yank fighter pilot from Columbia, South Carolina. You're a long way from South Carolina now, though. In fact, you're in the wilds of North Australia. You've been forced down. Your plane's a twisted mess.



You don't know if you'll ever see civilization again. What do you do?

For one thing, soldier, you get hungry.

But let's take it from the beginning. Bill is a real person, but Bill is the only name we know him by. His story was sent by the wire services from Melbourne.

Bill bailed out and landed O.K. He took stock of what he had—no food, a knife, a parachute, and only three shots left in his .45. He took stock of where he was—45 minutes from Nowhere. He took stock of what he had to do—follow first stream to the sea.

Before he started his trek he cut two big disks from his parachute. If a plane should come over him, he could lay the disks down as a signal. Then he started off.

It was a hell of a trip. He found a stream, all right, but finding it and following it were two different things. The bank was a swamp of matted vines and long grass. And, worst of all, Bill didn't find anything to eat.

Desperate circumstances make desperate men. At noon of the second day Bill met a grasshopper face to face. It was a honey of a grasshopper, big and juicy, and so fat that it was slow. Bill nabbed it.

Eagerly he removed the head and tail and plopped the rest into his mouth. To his surprise, the grasshopper tasted like crabmeat. He looked around for more grasshoppers. There were none.

He plodded on. Occasionally he heard the noise of a plane, but it was always too far away. On the evening of the second day he remembered that lily roots were edible, and he found some in the stream. They kept him going.

On the third day he reached a beach. Famished, he looked around for food, found a huge clam which he gulped down. Then he saw an old owl, sleepy and stupid, in a tree nearby. He wanted to save his three shots, so he decided to use his knife. Slowly he crawled up the tree. He crept nearer the sleeping owl. His knife fell, and the owl joined its ancestors.

He devoured the legs of the owl raw, saving the rest for later. For a long time he sat on the beach by the mouth of the stream. Then two things happened simultaneously. He saw a plane, and a crocodile reared to the surface thirty feet away. The plane was coming right at him.

Still clutching the dismembered owl in one hand, he spread out a disk from his parachute. The plane sighted it and dropped a canteen and some food. Crying like a baby, Bill threw the remains of the owl to the appreciative crocodile.

Within an hour a plane picked Bill up, and he went back to G.I. rations.

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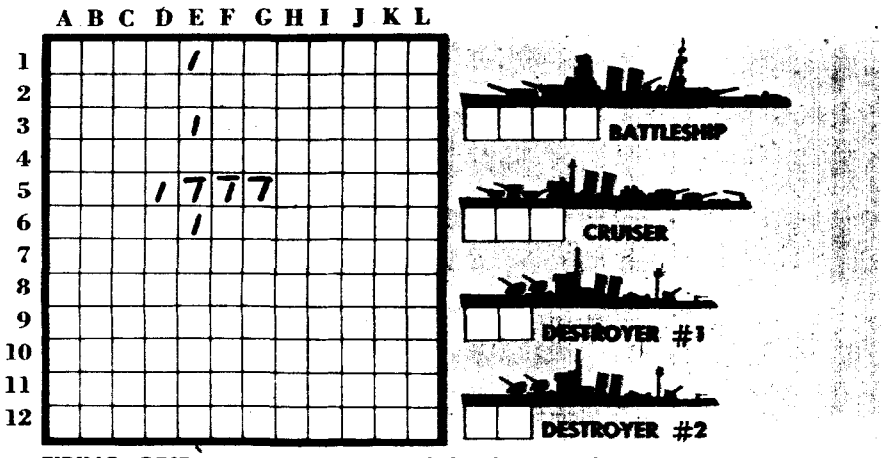
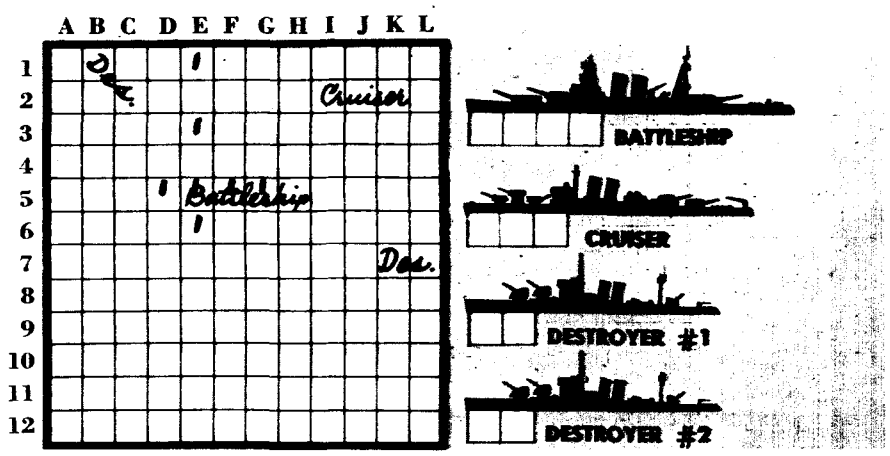
Battleships—Leisure Hour Game



FIRING GRID *(on which you record the shots you fire)*



OCEAN *(on which you place your ships)*

A SOLDIER can be just as skillful as a sailor at the game of Battleships, which is offered here as an excellent method of passing leisure hours in camp. Some scrap paper and a pencil are all the materials you need. Here's the game:

There are two players. Each has an ocean and a firing grid as illustrated. Each player has one Battleship (four squares), one Cruiser (three squares), and two Destroyers (two squares each), which he must place on his "ocean", in any location desired but each ship must be in a straight line either horizontal, vertical, or diagonal.

The firing grid is used to record one's own shots. Each player shoots a volley in turn. At the beginning of the game, each player has seven shots in each volley. When the battleship is sunk by hits in its four squares, that player deducts three shots from his next volley; for a cruiser, two shots, and a destroyer, one shot. The game ends when one player loses all of his ships.

While a volley is being fired, the person firing it keeps a record of his shots by volley number on his firing grid. The one being fired upon, records the shots on his "ocean". When a ship is struck, the hit and the type of ship is immediately reported and the firing side records the hit with a horizontal line on his firing grid.

The "ocean" above shows how the player has disposed his four ships and indicates the seven shots fired in Volley one by his enemy. The first shot was placed in E-1, the second in E-3, the third in E-5 was a hit. The next in D-5 was a miss, so he tried E-6 also a miss. Then F-5 and G-5 are obvious. That's his seven shots in Volley one. His first shot in Volley two, should be H-5 completing the sinking of B, the battleship, and reducing the next volley from that player to four shots.

On the firing grid the player has recorded his shots as shown. You can easily make the forms for Battleships. Upon request Yank will send you a supply FREE.

COME AND GET IT, JOE!

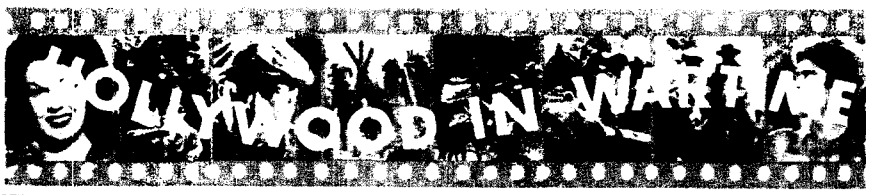
No, not chow this time, but a six-month subscription to YANK for six bits. All you do is sign on the dotted line, send this coupon and 75 cents to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and we'll mail you 26 issues—one every week! And if you think that isn't saving dough, just figure it out for yourself.

Full name and rank (soldiers in foreign service only)

A. P. O.

Organization

You can also buy YANK at the Army Exchange—5¢ a copy.



IN case you think Broadway and Hollywood have stopped picking 'em up and laying 'em down, we hasten to disillusion you. We have just received a lot of clippings from the columns, rushed to us by train and dog team, and we are passing on a few of the items to you. Most of this stuff, incidentally, is about as correct as a German communique. It's a little more entertaining, though.

To begin with, George Montgomery has been getting so realistic in movie love scenes that a young actress refuses to play opposite him again. Ed Wynn has busted his mitt. The following male stars are in the Army or Navy: Robert Montgomery, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Jimmy Stewart, Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Richard Greene, David Niven, Ronald Reagan, Tony Martin, William Holden, Jeffrey Lynn, George O'Brien, Gene Raymond, Ralph Bellamy, Stirling Hayden, Wayne Morris, and Burgess Meredith. About to be clapped into khaki are Victor Mature, George Brent, George Montgomery, Tyrone Power, Van Heflin, Robert Cummings, and Tim Holt. Some of these are in the British Army, but you get the idea.

Jack Dempsey, who started the crew haircut craze when he was champ, is wearing one again on account of the Army. 20th Century-Fox is going to do a movie based on the "Police Gazette." Paul Muni is going to do "The Life of Joe Stalin." Alexis Smith is going to get hitched.

Victor McLaglen, movie toughie, came out second in a too real screen tussle with tiny Osa Massen who kicked him hard enough to chip his ankle. Groucho Marx will answer his wife's divorce charges with the time-honored gag "She had no sense of humor." William Saroyan, literary and dramatic screwball, made a nice gesture by turning over his hit play, "Time of Your Life," free for nothing to be produced as a movie for the Red Cross. Martha Raye and her sweetie, Nick Condos, tiffed in Philadelphia—threw a little hardware as well as harsh words, according to observers.

Dottie Lamour, the sarong kid, has been teamed with plenty of partners in her movie career but her latest walks away with honors in the oddity department—in "Beyond the Blue Horizon," jungle thriller, she goes swimming with an honest-to-god tiger. Hollywood definition of A.W.O.L. translates the popular Army term into "A wolf on the loose." Bob Hay of the Army is the latest love song target for Marilyn Duke, warbler with Vaugh. Monroe's band. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have a new play scheduled; it's "The Pirate" by S. N. Behrman. Rita Hayworth and Carol Bruce left their escorts at the Hollywood Mocambo to step for an hour with a couple of ensigns. Paulette Goddard has quit the West Coast for everything but business and will make her permanent home East. Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw" is still in censor trouble—even if it gets past the Hays office, state censors will probably crack down. Maybe we never will get to see Jane Russell move on the screen, but the stills are mighty nice.

Cary Grant and Nelson Eddy have both been anteing plenty chips to the war relief pot. Cary has given $300,000 to British War Relief; Eddy turns 100% of his weekly radio earnings to Navy Relief and USO. Where's the Army?

VERONICA LAKE

People who claim to see behind Veronica Lake's hair say she may quit the screen for a quiet home life. If you save up all the money coming in the new pay raise, you may be able to buy the Ritz-Carlton, 2½ million bucks' worth of hotel going for somewhere between 7 or 8 hundred thousand. If Ginny Simms and Edgar Bergen go on blazing at their present rate, Charley McCarthy will have a stepmother.

Col. Darryl Zanuck, back from observing abroad, took part in two Commando raids. Hollywood is planning a feature to be called "The Commandos" and is trying to get Wendy Hiller, English lulu of "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara," to do the femme lead. Two sailors on shore leave managed to crash the third floor of the strictly dame hotel where most Powers models hang their hats and things—no casualties. Joshua Logan left his directing chore with Broadway hit "By Jupiter" to put on khakis for Uncle. Walt Disney, of all people, has bought the screen rights to Seversky's "Victory Through Air Power," current best seller among the war dope-sheets.

Binnie Barnes, ex-English actress long a Hollywood comedy standby, is said to be slated for a key post in the WAAC's. If she's as squirrely off-screen as she is on, WAAC's will be a mild name for them. Eleanor Powell, long-legged tapper of "Ship Ahoy," goes swimming at the Beverly Hills pool daily with Al Jolson, her current pal. Gloria Callen, the swimming beauty, is diving overboard for Ed Pope, a Yale.

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Yank Sends 'G. I. Jive' Around World

'op Bands on Air ix Times a Week

YANK is sponsoring a new radio ıow called "G. I. Jive" which is roadcast six times a week by short-ave to reach American troops in very area of the globe.

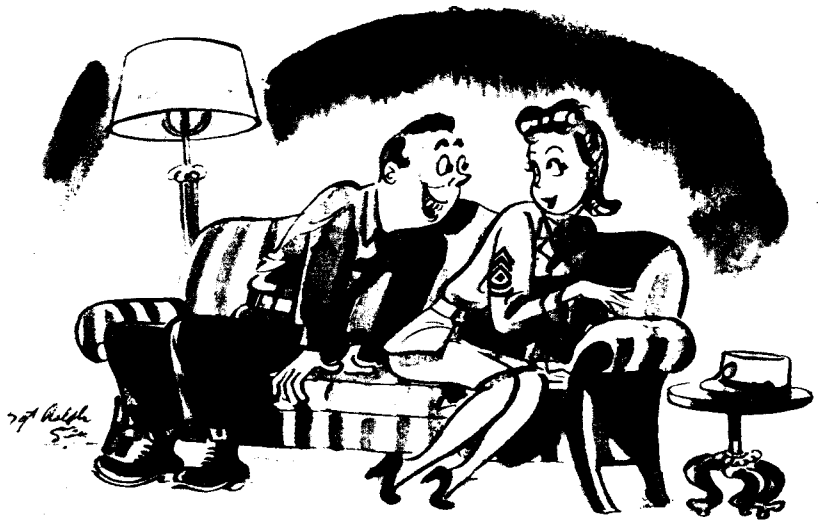
For 15 minutes every weekday G. I. Jive" presents outstanding ecordings of the world's hottest ıd sweetest jazz. These are selected om A.E.F. requests sent to YANK.

"G. I. Jive" is your radio juke ox. When you want to hear your ıvorite tune, put your request—ıstead of a nickel—into a letter to ANK.

terviews with Stars

In addition, future shows will be ighlighted by interviews with top-ght bandleaders and vocalists who ill spill a few secrets of their ca-ers and who will introduce their wn records. The maestros and ngers who will appear will be ıosen solely on the basis of their opularity as revealed by your tters.

As tentatively planned, "G. I. ve" devotes the first Monday in ıch month to "previews" of the test and most important name-and recordings. The second Mon-ay, temporarily, is set aside for the ewest discs by such singers as Bing rosby, Dinah Shore and Connie oswell. All other programs are reserved for the platters, old, new, sweet and hot, which most of you want most to hear.



"So you're a WAAC, eh? I've always had a certain ambition relating to top-kicks, Sarge!"

It's Your Show

But YANK'S new show is your show. It is designed so that it can evolve into the pattern you want it to have. So, if you want the accent on jumpin' jive, write to YANK, and you'll get it on the riff-side. I your bias is toward the dreamy side, let Yank know about it and you'll get ballads.

If you'd like to have a radio visit with prominent swingsters, tell YANK, and you'll get it. In short "G. I. Jive" is your baby from now on. How it grows up depends entirely on the requests and suggestions you feed it through its pop YANK.

Whattaya want, buddy?

New Caledonia Radio Link

American troops stationed on the South Pacific island of New Caledonia now can hear radio programs directly from the U. S. New radio facilities have been established on the island by R. C. A in collaboration with General de Gaulle's Free French forces. Previously programs were routed through Australia.

CLIP AND SAVE

TIME IN IMPORTANT AREAS OF THE WAR WORLD

When it is noon (Eastern War Time) in New York City:

Place	Local STANDARD Time
Aleutian Islands	5:00 AM
Hawaii	5:30
Alaska	5:00-7:00
Nome	5:00
Fairbanks	6:00
Juneau	7:00
Mexico	10:00
Guatemala	11:00
Panama	11:00
Jamaica	11:00
Cuba	11:00
Aruba (D.W.I.)	11:30
Nova Scotia	12:00 Noon
Puerto Rico	12:00
Bermuda	12:00
Trinidad	12:00
West Indies	12:00
Dutch Guiana	12:19:25 PM
Newfoundland	12:29
Brazil	1:00 PM
Greenland	1:00-2:00 PM
Iceland	3:00
West African Coast	3:00
England	4:00
Northern Ireland	4:00
Egypt	6:00
Syria	6:00
Iraq	7:00
Lower Red Sea region	7:00
India (except Calcutta)	9:30
Calcutta, India	9:53:21 PM
Burma	10:30
Philippines	12:00 Midnight
Australia	12:00 Mid.-2:00 AM next day
Perth & West Australia	12:00 Midnight
Adelaide	1:30 AM next day
Darwin	1:30 AM next day
Sydney & Melbourne	2:00 AM next day
New Zealand	3:30 AM next day

A. E. F. Radio Schedule

(Good Throughout July)

Time	Program	Day	Sta.
:00 AM—12:30 AM	Here's News from Home	T-S	WW
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Cavalcade of America	T	KGEI
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Waltz Time	S	KGEI
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Brush Creek Follies	M	KWID
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Crime Doctor	T	KWID
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Gay Nineties	W	KWID
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Freddy Martin	Th	KWID
:30 AM— 1:00 AM	Andre Kostelanetz	F	KWID
:30 AM— 1:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
:00 AM— 1:15 AM	Fred Waring	T-F	KGEI
:00 AM— 1:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
:15 AM— 1:30 AM	Sports	W-S	KGEI
:15 AM— 2:00 AM	Baseball Recreation	Su-S	KWID
:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Andre Kostelanetz	M	KGEI
:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Date With Judy	T	KGEI
:30 AM— 2:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Plantation Party	S	KGEI
:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Your Blind Date	Su	KGEI
:00 AM— 2:30 AM	Overseas Jive	W, Th, F	KWID
:00 AM— 2:45 AM	Hit Parade	T	KWID
:00 AM— 3:00 AM	Army Hour	M	KWID
:00 AM— 3:00 AM	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Su	KWID
:30 AM— 2:45 AM	Press Box Sports	S	KWID
:30 AM— 2:45 AM	Glen Miller	W, Th, F	KWID
:30 AM— 2:45 AM	Henry King	S	KWID
:30 AM— 3:00 AM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
:30 AM— 3:15 AM	Hit Parade	Su	KGEI
:00 AM— 3:15 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	KGEI
:00 AM— 3:30 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	KWID
:00 AM— 3:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Telephone Hour	T	KGEI
:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Dog House	Th	KGEI
:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Grand Old Opry	Su	KGEI
:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Glenn Miller	W, T, F	KGEI
:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Cavalcade of America	T	KGEI
:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Lower Basin Street	Th	KGEI
:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Andre Kostelanetz	M	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Summer Symphony	T	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Date With Judy	W	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Plantation Party	S	KGEI
:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Your Blind Date	Su	KGEI
:00 AM— 6:15 AM	News	Su-S	WGEO
:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Hour of Charm	W	WGEO
:30 AM— 7:30 AM	Army Hour	M	WGEO
:30 AM— 7:30 AM	Kay Kyser	F	WGEO
:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WJQ
:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ, WGEO
:45 AM— 7:00 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	CBS
:45 AM— 7:15 AM	We, The People At War	T	CBS
:45 AM— 7:30 AM	Family Hour	F	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:15 AM	Anzac Show	T, Th	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Tommy Dorsey	Th	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Sammy Kaye	T	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEO
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Take It or Leave It	W	CBS
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Radio Theatre	Th	CBS
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Cheers From the Camps	S	CBS
7:15 AM— 7:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEO
7:15 AM— 7:45 AM	Melody Ranch	T	CBS
7:30 AM— 7:45 AM	Sports Roundup	Su-S	WGEO
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	The First Line	W	CBS
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	Here's News from Home	M-S	WJQ
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	We Believe	Su	NBC
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	News	M-S	WGEA
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	Service Serenade	T-S	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Army Hour	M	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Bing Crosby	S	KGEI
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	NBC
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Bill Stern	Su	NBC
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Swing Music	M-F	WGEA
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Ben Bernie	M-F	CBS
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEA
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	John Freedom	Su	KWID
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Band Wagon	Su	NBC
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Great Moments in Music	S	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Major Bowes	Su	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WDO, WCW
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WDO, WCW
9:45 AM—10:00 AM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Famous Jury Trials	Th	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Information Please	T	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Kay Kyser	Th	NBC
10:30 AM—11:00 AM	Shaeffer Revue	S	NBC
10:45 AM—11:45 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Hour of Charm	T	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Date With Judy	W	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Truth or Consequences	T	NBC
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Fanny Brice	S	NBC
11:00 AM—12:00 N	Barn Dance	Su	NBC
11:30 AM—12:00 N	John Freedom	Su	KWID
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Command Performance	Su	CBS
12:00 N —12:30 PM	March of Time	Su	WGEA, WGEO
12:00 N —12:30 PM	Ellery Queen	S	NBC
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WW, WDO
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WDO
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEA
1:00 PM— 1:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:30 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WW
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Johnny Presents	Su	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Victory Parade	M	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Dr. I. Q.	T	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Treasure Chest	W	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Three Ring Roundup	Th	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Inner Sanctum Mystery	F	NBC
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Swing Music	S	WW
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA
1:45 PM— 2:15 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WBOS
2:30 PM— 3:00 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WCB
2:30 PM— 3:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCB
3:00 PM— 3:15 PM	News	M-S	WGEA
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WCW
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCW
3:15 PM— 3:30 PM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
5:00 PM— 5:30 PM	March of Time	S	WGEA, WGEO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WLWO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WLWO
5:30 PM— 5:45 PM	Variety	T	WW
5:30 PM— 5:45 PM	Weekly Sports Review	Th	WW
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WW
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA, WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	WGEA, WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Hour of Charm	M	WGEO
7:00 PM— 7:15 PM	News	Su-S	WBOS
7:15 PM— 7:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WBOS
7:30 PM— 7:45 PM	Wendy Davis, Sports	M-S	WBOS
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	WBOS
7:50 PM— 8:00 PM	Jim Britt, Sports	M-F	WW
8:00 PM— 8:15 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEA, WGEO
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
9:15 PM— 9:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	CBS, WLWO
9:45 PM—10:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
10:45 PM—11:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WLWO
11:00 PM—11:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
11:15 PM—11:30 PM	Joe Hasel, Sports	M-F	NBC
11:15 PM—11:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
11:30 PM—12:00 M	Victory Parade	M	NBC

RADIO LOG

		Beamed on
CBS		
WCBX	15,270 KC.—19.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WCRC	11,830 KC.—25.3 M	Europe and Latin America
WCDA	11,830 KC.—25.3 M; 17,830 KC.—16.8 M	Europe and Latin America
NBC		
WRCA	15,150 KC.—19.8 M; 9,670 KC.—31.02M	Europe and Latin America
WNBI	17,780 KC.—16.8 M; 11,890 KC.—25.3 M	Europe and Latin America
WBOS	15,210 KC.—19.72M; 11,870 KC.—25.26M	North Europe; Latin America
General Electric Co.		
WGEA	15,330 KC.—19.56M; 9,550 KC.—31.41M	Europe and Latin America
WGEO	9,530 KC.—31.48M	Latin America and Australia
KGEI	7,250 KC.—41.38M; 15,330 KC.—19.56M	Far East and Latin America
World Wide		
WRUL	11,790 KC.—25.4 M; 11,730 KC.—25.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WRUW	9,700 KC.—30.9 M; 17,750 KC.—16.9 M	Europe and Latin America
WRUS	6,040 KC.—49.6 M	Europe and Latin America
Independent Stations		
WLWO	11,710 KC.—25.6 M; 15,250 KC.—19.7 M	Europe and Latin America
WCW	15,850 KC.—18.9 M	Europe
WPJ	11,640 KC.—25.8 M	Africa
WJQ	10,010 KC.—30.0 M	Australia
WDJ	7,565 KC.—39.7 M	Europe
WDI	5,052 KC.—59.4 M	Europe
WDO	14,470 KC.—20.7 M	Europe and Africa
KWID	15,290 KC.—19.6 M	Far East

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SPORTS: BASEBALL DIFFERENT THIS YEAR—PITCHERS, NOT HITTERS, GET GLORY

BY CPL. JOE McCARTHY

Yanks in Australia, Ireland and Africa would be dumbfounded if they could see the kind of baseball the major leagues are playing this season.

The clubs are still using three bases and a home plate, four balls still entitle the batter to take a walk, and the umpire is still considered a thief with a questionable family background. But otherwise the old national pastime, as it is fondly called, isn't much like the baseball that was played here last year and the year before and all the other years in the Roosevelt, Hoover and Coolidge Adminstrations.

There are no really outstanding sluggers in either league this season. Joe DiMaggio and Dolph Camilli, picked as the most valuable players in their respective circuits last year because they were so powerful with the bat, are just a couple of forgotten men.

Other allegedly great batters like Ival Goodman of the Reds and Charley Keller of the Yanks are not hitting their weight. Ted Williams of the Red Sox, who went over .400 last summer, is holding his own with an average that hovers around .350 but he isn't exactly setting the league on fire.

The batting averages are low generally, in every town on both Big Apples. Everything has been blamed for this strange state of affairs. Some people have even tried to pin it on the baseball they're using, claiming the lack of Australian wool has made the horsehide covered pellet less lively than its pre-war cousin.

But Mr. Billy Southworth, astute manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, has a more reasonable answer.

"The pitching," says Mr. Southworth, "is better."

There is something in what Mr. Southworth says. The pitchers, not the hitters, have been hogging all

Mort Cooper

the baseball headlines this season. During the month of May, everybody was talking about Ernie Bonham of the Yankees. Now, as June draws into July, everyone is exclaiming about Mort Cooper of the Cardinals.

In other words, with hitters laboring in obscurity and pitchers basking in the limelight, with people discussing strikeouts and shutouts instead of home runs and game-busting rallies, baseball has gone back thirty years. The baseball they're playing today in the American and National Leagues isn't the baseball of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Rogers Hornsby and Hank Greenberg.

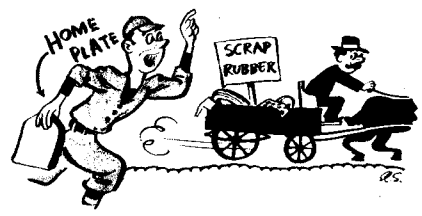
It's the game your Daddy used to tell you about. The type of baseball that made famous the hit and run and the squeeze plays of John McGraw and the old Giants. The type of baseball that immortalized Tinker to Evers to Chance and glorified Connie Mack's Million Dollar Infield, and made the names of Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson household words.

It's hold-your-cards-close-to-your-vest baseball with the accent on pitching and base running. Not much like last year's wide open slugging.

But a lot of people like it better.

As Billy Southworth says, the pitching is really something to admire in both leagues this season. Claude Passeau of the Cubs has won 11 out of his first 14 games and should be a 20 game winner by mid-August at that rate. Hank Borowy, the former Fordham ace, is undefeated in six starts as a Yankee as we go to press and veteran Larry French, over in Brooklyn, has hung up eight straight without a setback.

And the big surprise of the season is Ray Starr of the Reds, who is 36 if he's a day and has been knocking around the minors and majors for 15 years. Under the shrewd handling of Hank Gowdy and Bill McKechnie, who knows pitchers better than anybody, Starr is winning 10 and losing only 2 with nothing but a sharp curve and a little control.



But the big noise, as we said before, is Mort Cooper. At this writing, the Cardinal right hander has won 10 and lost 3 but he has won seven in a row, the last six shutouts for a grand total of 32 consecutive scoreless innings.

What's more, the Dodgers haven't been able to score on him this year. He has handed them two shut-outs.

Cooper won his latest triumph in Boston, blanking the Braves with two hits before an overflowing Army-Navy Relief Fund crowd. During the ceremonies, the home plate at Braves Field was contributed to the scrap rubber campaign.

"Those Braves might as well give that plate away," somebody said. "They'll never use it while Cooper's pitching."

Whirlaway Set For Big Money

Whirlaway is closing in fast on old Seabiscuit's money-winning record of $437,730.

The long-tailed chestnut four year old from Warren Wright's Calumet Farms earned $23,650 in his latest triumph over Swing and Sway and Attention in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct. The race featured an Army and Navy Day program that brought $100,000 to the two service relief funds and the U.S.O.

It also increased Whirlaway's total income to $404,486, not bad for a little over two year's work.

The 1941 Kentucky Derby winner plans to take a crack at the $30,000 Butler Handicap at Empire City, July 4, which would bring him only a couple of bucks short of Seabiscuit's all time mark if he wins. Then comes the $50,000 Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs on July 15.

If he takes that one, he'll leave the Biscuit away down the track, covered with dust.

Bronx Cheer Makes Tennis Match Debut

NEW YORK.—The good old-fashioned moist Bronx cheer has finally made its appearance in the sacred atmosphere of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills.

It happened during the semi-final round of the professional championships when Frank Kovacs tried to sulk and walk off the court because he didn't like the linesmen's decisions in his match with Bobby Riggs.

The crowd stood up and, disregarding the traditional tennis rules of quiet politeness, gave him a delicious juicy raspberry.

Incidentally, Riggs walloped Kovacs, 6-4, 3-6, 8-6, 6-2. On July 6, he will meet in the finals Don Budge who got there by beating Wayne Sabin, 6-1, 7-5, 6-3, in a dull baseline match.

Amateur G.I.'s Can Compete With Pros

WASHINGTON — Amateur athletes in the Army may compete in service sports with professionals without worrying about endangering their simon-pure status.

The War Department has made a deal with the A.A.U. and the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association under which the amateur or professional standing of an athlete in the service is "frozen" or disregarded, as far as Army sports are concerned.

But if an amateur soldier competes with a pro for his own personal profit, he will be dropped by the civilian amateur organizations.

The War Department said, however, that boxing and wrestling bouts between amateur and professional soldiers will be discouraged. They don't want to risk the possibility of some cocky recruit challenging Joe Louis or Billy Conn and getting his block knocked off.

Golf Score Censored

Frank Strafaci, the golf star who is now serving as a corporal under General MacArthur in Australia, sent Craig Wood a score card from Down Under, showing that he had shot a 69 in his spare time. The censors tore the name of the course off the card.

Heafner Sets Record But Gets No Credit

GIRARD, Ohio.—Clayton Heafner defended his title in the Mahoning Valley Open with a dazzling 264—as low as anybody has ever scored in a recognized golf tournament.

The big blond from Durham, N. C., shot successive rounds of 66, 65, 68 and 65, tying the record established by Craig Wood in the 1940 Metropolitan Open. But unfortunately Heafner's mark won't go into the books.

It seems that the Mahoning Valley Course — par 68 — is several hundred yards short of the distance required for recognized golf records.

First Baseball Draftee Dies

The first major league baseball player drafted by the Army, Cpl. Gene Stack, 24, former rookie pitcher for the White Sox, died from a heart attack after winning a recent eight hitter for his Fort Custer service team.

Stack hurled the Custers to a 5 to 2 win over the local nine at Michigan City, Indiana, and afterward went with the team to a nearby tavern for a sandwich. He sat down and slumped over the table, dead. A native of Saginaw, Michigan, he is survived by his wife and his mother.

HOME RUNS (AS OF JUNE 30)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston	17
York, Detroit	14
Doerr, Boston	11

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Mize, New York	12
Camilli, Brooklyn	11
Ott, New York	11

LEADING BATTERS (AS OF JUNE 30)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Gordon, N. Y.	65	245	32	89	.363
Fleming, Cleveland	73	260	40	90	.346
Doerr, Boston	60	238	30	81	.341
Pesky, Boston	62	259	46	85	.328
Williams, Boston	67	230	61	75	.326

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Reiser, Brooklyn	57	225	46	78	.347
Medwick, Brooklyn	62	233	29	78	.335
Lombardi, Boston	54	151	18	49	.325
Musial, St. Louis	52	175	40	56	.320
LaManno, Cincin.	51	163	20	49	.301

LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF JUNE 30)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	Detroit	St. Louis	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	5	6	4	7	9	6	9	46	22	.676	—
Boston	3	—	7	8	6	6	6	4	40	27	.597	5½
Cleveland	5	3	—	3	6	5	11	7	40	33	.548	8½
Detroit	6	4	6	—	6	6	7	6	41	35	.539	9
St. Louis	3	3	6	4	—	5	6	6	33	39	.458	15
Chicago	3	3	3	5	3	—	6	7	30	38	.111	16
Phila.	1	6	3	6	5	3	—	5	29	47	.382	21
Wash'ton	1	3	2	5	6	4	5	—	26	44	.371	21
Games lost	22	27	33	35	39	38	47	44	—	—		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Chicago	Pittsburgh	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	5	8	6	9	5	8	7	48	19	.716	—
St. Louis	4	—	5	9	5	3	5	6	37	27	.578	9½
Cincin.	4	6	—	3	3	6	10	6	38	32	.543	11½
New York	5	3	7	—	6	6	4	5	36	35	.507	14
Chicago	2	3	5	5	—	7	6	8	36	37	.493	15
Pittsb'gh	2	3	2	6	5	—	6	8	32	35	.478	16
Boston	0	5	1	5	7	4	—	10	32	43	.427	20
Phila.	2	2	4	1	2	4	4	—	19	50	.275	30
Games lost	19	27	32	35	37	35	43	50	—	—		

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Major Leagues Pick All Star Teams

National Club Slim Favorite

As might be expected, there will be a strong New York flavor in the tenth annual Major League All-Star game, which takes place this year July 6 at the Polo Grounds. The winner will meet Lieut.-Comm. Mickey Cochrane's All-Service club in a mammoth War Bond-Relief Fund demonstration at Cleveland the next day.

If Brooklyn doesn't resent being considered a part of New York and vice-versa, the Big Town can claim no less than 20 of the 50 athletes on the two major league squads. The Yankees have placed nine men on the American League All-Star roster while seven Dodgers and four Giants dominate the National League task force.

Not only that. The Americans will be directed by Manager Joe McCarthy of the Yanks and the Nationals are to be guided by the fine artistic hand and glib tongue of Loud Leo Durocher, which just about completes the picture.

On paper, the National League is the favorite. The Americans have lost Bob Feller, Hank Greenberg, Cecil Travers and Johnny Rigney to the armed forces. Jimmy Foxx isn't in the league any longer. Joe Cronin, Charley Keller, and Luke Appling didn't make the team this year and Joe DiMaggio is in a slump.

And the Americans only have one left handed pitcher—Chubby Ed Smith of the White Sox who lost 10 straight this spring. Marius Russo and Thornton Lee are down with lame arms.

The Nationals on the other hand have Mort Cooper, the best pitcher in the major leagues at the moment, and all those very hot Dodgers in the line-up.

Plenty of Newcomers

There are plenty of newcomers in the All-Star competition this year. Willard Marshall, the Giants' rookie outfielder, is making it as a freshman, a very rare accomplishment.

Others playing in the game for the first time are Walker Cooper, Mort's brother and battery mate on the Cards, Reese, Phil Rizzuto, Tommy Henrich, Cliff Melton, Dan Litwhiler of the Phils, Stan Spence of the Senators, Jim Bagby of the Indians, Tex Hughson of the Red Sox, Ernie Bonham and Spud Chandler of the Yanks and Hal Newhouser of the Tigers.

Receipts from this first wartime All-Star game will be used to buy athletic equipment for the armed forces. A crowd of 50,000 is expected and with Ted Williams, the home run hitter who broke up last year's game, slugging the ball at those close Polo Grounds bleachers, many of their lives will be in jeopardy.

Soldier Strikes Out 22

FORT BRAGG — Sergeant Bill Gates of the 134th Medical Regiment made an army baseball record here when he struck out 22 894th Tank Destroyer Bn. batters in a league game. Gates was a pitcher with the Syracuse Chiefs in the International League before he joined the army.

REDS BEST—Cincinnati must have the best pitchers in the National League because three of these four Reds picked for the All-Star team were hurlers. From left to right, we have Bucky Walters, First Baseman Frank McCormick, Johnny Vander Meer and Paul Derringer.

Fine Service Nine—If Stars Can Get Off Long Enough to Shine

GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING BASE — Lt.-Comdr. Mickey Cochrane is having a little trouble trying to assemble the All-Service baseball squad that will face the winner of the major league all-star game in the big relief fund battle at Cleveland, July 7, before an expected crowd of 80,000 spectators.

Cochrane just learned that Buddy Lewis, a former Senators third baseman, won't be able to make it. Lewis is training with the Army Air Corps at Pine Bluff, Ark., and they can't spare him for the game. Hank Greenberg, also with the Air Corps at Miami Beach, will be too busy to get the necessary time off.

So the Lieutenant-Commander won't know just how his service team will line up until the last minute. He has a half dozen Navy players working out with him daily: Johnny Rigney, Frank Pytlak, Don Padgett, Joe Grace, Benny McCoy and John Lucadello.

He's hoping that he can get a good share of the other major leaguers now in uniform, especially Bob Feller and Cecil Travis, the former Senator now in the army at Camp Gordon.

If the Navy decided to call Ted Williams, the Red Sox slugger, to active duty a few days before the game, Cochrane would be very happy. But it looks like Williams won't become a gob until after the season is over.

"If we can get the men we want, we'll give them one hell of a game," the Lieutenant-Commander says. "One thing for sure, we'll be in better shape."

Chicago Will Stage Golf Double Header

CHICAGO—The Tam O'Shanter Country Club will stage the first golf "Double Header" in the world here July 20 to 26, when it will run an All American Amateur championship and a $15,000 open tournament both at the same time.

Furthermore, the tournaments will be open to all races, which means that Robert "Pat" Ball, negro professional star and others will appear. Winner of the open will get $2,500 and amateurs will receive War Bond prizes.

College Ball This Summer

ANDOVER, N. H.—Due to the war, Dartmouth is playing 13 varsity baseball games this summer.

The Big Green, with regular classes during June, July and August under the accelerated scholastic program, has scheduled home-and-home diamond series with Amherst, Williams, Brown and Providence.

Dartmouth will also play various New England town and industrial company baseball clubs.

Matty Bell Joins Navy

DALLAS, Tex. — Southern Methodist's great football coach, Matty Bell, has taken leave of absence for the duration to become a lieutenant-commander in the Navy. James H. Stewart, the Mustangs' director of athletics, is taking over Bell's job as football coach.

SPORT SHORTS

Sam Chapman, former Athletics' outfielder who was also an All-American halfback at California, has given up athletic work in the Navy to become a flyer. He's training at the Naval Reserve Aviation Base in Washington and, if he passes, he'll go on combat duty with the fleet.

Buzz Borries, the old Annapolis football flash, was one of the Navy fliers in the Battle of the Coral Sea. He's been enjoying a brief shore leave with his wife, a former California girl, in his home town of Louisville.

Greg Rice, Gil Dodds and Les MacMitchell recently established new records in track events that are not contested much nowadays. Rice smashed the mark for the odd distance of two and a quarter miles, which hasn't been questioned since 1913, covering it in 10:38.6. MacMitchell chopped Mel Sheppard's old 800 yard time down to 1:42.8 and Dodds ran the mile and three-quarters in 8:18.2, erasing figures that were written in 1890. These strange races were run in semi-darkness at Passaic, N. J., of all places.

Tommy Farr, the English pugilist, was rejected by the R. A. F. for physical reasons. He's running a Brighton Beach pub. And remember Jack Doyle, the Irish thrush? He's in vaudeville.

Lovely Kay Stammers, the English tennis star, is married to an officer in the Welsh Guards. Here's another British note, too—Sidney Wooderson, the record breaking miler, is a clerk in the English army finance department, only they call it "the pay corps."

The Rev. Richard E. Carberry, brother of Judge Carberry, the Fordham line coach, has been decorated for gallantry at Bataan. Father Carberry crawled through heavy machine gun and rifle fire to administer last rites of the Catholic Church to a wounded Filipino sergeant.

Looking Over The All Stars

National League

CATCHERS

Owen, Dodgers; Lombardi, Braves; W. Cooper, Cards.

INFIELDERS

Mize, Giants; F. McCormick, Reds; Herman, Dodgers; Brown, Cards; Reese, Dodgers; Miller, Braves; Vaughan, Dodgers; Elliott, Pirates.

OUTFIELDERS

Medwick, Dodgers; Marshall, Giants; Reiser, Dodgers; T. Moore, Cards; Slaughter, Cards; Ott, Giants; Litwhiler, Phils.

PITCHERS

Wyatt, Dodgers; M. Cooper, Cards; Passeau, Cubs; Walters, Reds; Derringer, Reds; Vander Meer, Reds; Melton, Giants.

American League

CATCHERS

Dickey, Yanks; Rosar, Yanks; Tebbets, Tigers.

INFIELDERS

McQuinn, Browns; York, Tigers; Gordon, Yanks; Doerr, Red Sox; Boudreau; Indians; Rizutto, Yanks; Keltner, Indians.

OUTFIELDERS

Williams, Red Sox; J. DiMaggio, Yanks; D. DiMaggio, Red Sox; Henrich, Yanks; Johnson, Athletics; Spence, Senators.

PITCHERS

Bonham, Yanks; Ruffing, Yanks; Benton, Tigers; Chandler, Yanks; Hughson, Red Sox; Hudson, Senators; Newhouser, Tigers; Smith, White Sox; Bagby, Indians.

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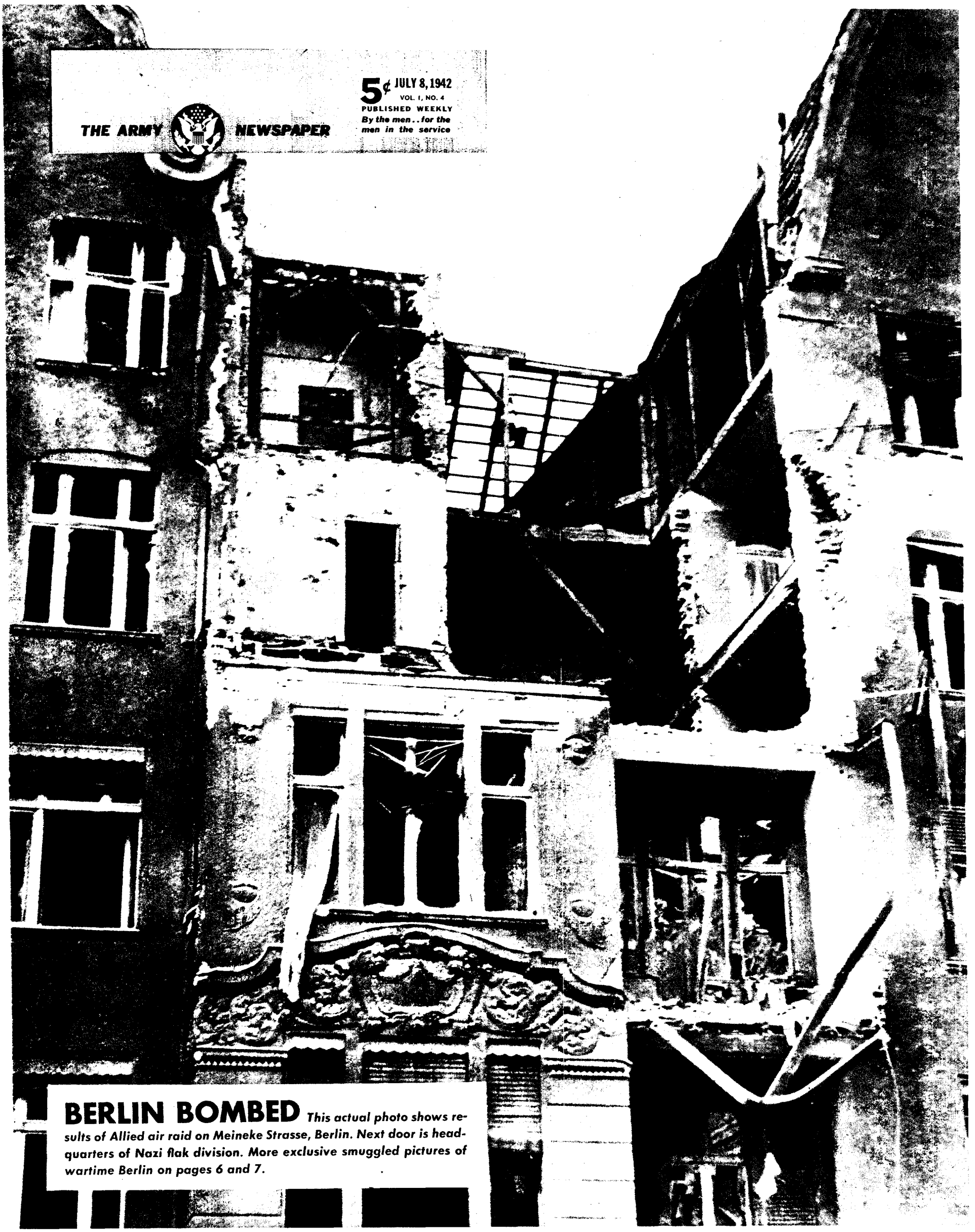

BERLIN BOMBED *This actual photo shows results of Allied air raid on Meineke Strasse, Berlin. Next door is headquarters of Nazi flak division. More exclusive smuggled pictures of wartime Berlin on pages 6 and 7.*

BOMBER TELLS OF JAP RAID

See Page 5

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